THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Hibernians of Will County About to Celebrate With Unusual Eclat—Champaign County Also Getting Ready for a Celebration.

Slow Payment of the State Per Capita Tax—Doings of the Executive Committee of the County Board at South Chicago—Other News of Interest.

The Hibernians of Will county are going to celebrate Aug. 15 with more than usual eclat. As speakers, they have secured the services of Hon. James O'Donnell, of Bloomington, and Hon. D. F. Curley, of Chicago. A splendid programme of games, and every attractive feature that the inventive wit of Brother Quinn could devise, is offered to the patriotic citizens of Joliet to participate in the exercises of the day. The orators will not be the least prominent attraction because of the many in our midst. I know few abler or more capable speakers than the two young representatives respectively of McLean and Cook counties. Our neighbors are looking for, and getting the best, for their public events.

Next comes Champaign county with its celebration on Sunday, Aug. 16. Out in Alvin lies some beautiful picnic grounds, with a fine river and trout streams, and all other necessary adjuncts for same. Here Brother John McDonnell, county president of Champaign county, claims the Hibernians will pitch their tent for a day, and have an old-fashioned truly rural, hayseed-in-the-hair style of basket picnic. There will be no speaking, but everyone is expected to bring teeth, lungs and legs in good order as they are invited to eat as long, to "holler" as long, and dance as long as they please. If these are not inducements then Brother McDonnell is at a loss to know what are. Brother Loftus, of Ivesdale, has provided a phonograph, with "good boy" in every conceivable tone of voice to cheer the merrymakers when their spirits flag. Success to Champaign county.

I am glad to note the spirit of the nation is awakening, and that so many counties are celebrating our national feast day in August. It would be well to have similar celebrations all over the state on other dates of note. Notwithstanding the hot weather the County Board was fairly well attended on Sunday, the 9th inst. Applications for permission to organize three new divisions were made and granted. Nothing of great interest was under discussion. The most noteworthy item being the fact that only five divisions turned in their per capita tax due the state, the total numbers of member paying being in the neighborhood of 306. We have reason to be proud of so handsome a contribution. The outlook is so promising that the divisions are afraid the Order will grow too large. It is too warm to guess the reasons for ignoring the state levy.

The executive committee of the County board went to South Chicago on Friday night to visit Div. 9. The evening was a very pleasant one, thanks to the hospitality of the good people of No. 9. It was surprising to note how quickly the solemn visages of the two county secretaries changed when they discovered that the expected corpus delecti to be submitted for their inspection was iced, and that there were a dozen in each case. The committee unanimously agreed that their brothers on appeals and grievances had made a mistake in not recognizing the importance of all cases submitted by No. 9. Brother Conroy volunteers to take a place on any other committee sent to South Chicago. County President Henely and his companions delivered short addresses, which were followed by some well rendered songs, and a discussion on the wants and future of Div. 9. The experience was a happy one, and was very creditable to President Duggan, Brothers Foley, Sullivan and all others interested.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst., State President Keating was with Div. 12 in the warmest division hall on the South side. Notwithstanding the extreme heat, President Conroy and Secretary Corcoran were at their posts, with a goodly attendance of the rank and file. No. 12 is going on with the dash that always distinguished its leading members. It promises ere long to be the leading division of the South side.

Brother J. J. Lamb had hardly returned from his brief vacation when he resumed visiting the divisions. He called on No. 5 on Thursday, 6th inst., at 8 o'clock, and in response to an invitation of Secretary Cullinan occupied the chair in the absence of President Brennan, who is in Missouri. No. 5 is pruning its trees and selecting the best timber for present membership. The members will find that attendance of the worst will improve about October, 1896, and again in March, 1897.

After leaving No. 5 Brother Lamb called in on No. 13, where Brother J. E. Long was informing the men of St. Bridget's parish that the rules of the Order would be in future enforced to the letter. If by some happy accident such a good intention was carried into actual fact, it would be of incalculable benefit, not alone to No. 13, but to every division in the city. Brother Lamb delivered one of his characteristic addresses on the duties of officers and the management of divisions, which met with much approval. Brother J. E. Long, who has been president of the division since organized, deserves much credit for his patient labor in building up its ranks. In times gone by No. 13 was some four hundred strong, but the old spirit seems to slumber. In the early fall an open reunion should be held in that locality, and a gallant effort made to awaken the old-time interest in Hibernianism, which once made Bridgeport a centre of Irish patriotism in the Garden City. There are few better calculated to guide the work than the present president of No. 13.

Division 19 will hold its postponed picnic on Sunday, Aug. 23. Owing to the loss sustained through postponement it will require the support of every South side division to come out even. The picnics of the year have not proved successes, and the good work of the men of No. 19 deserves encouragement by all who appreciate earnest endeavor to increase our society.

The county picnic will be held on Aug. 30. Posters announcing the same have been distributed in every division, and every brother should do all in his power to sell tickets. The sale of tickets will be our source of profit, and if interested in the erection of a monument in Mount Olivet it is necessary to remember that the funds accruing from the picnic are devoted to that purpose and will be used for that alone. Attention has been drawn to the matter so frequently that it is superfluous to dwell on the subject any longer. If the matter is not interesting enough to the members, constant reiteration of its claims on them will do little good.

There will be a little reunion of Div. 15 in Nugent's hall, Fifty-third street and Union avenue, on Wednesday, the 19th inst. President Breen has been sorely troubled in spirit over the apathy which he fears prevails among the members of his division. Hence he is determined, notwithstanding the hot weather, to rally them around the flag, and has compelled Brothers Henely, Keating and a host of others to promise to attend. There is no good reason why No. 15 should not equal No. 23. Energy and enterprise are the only essentials. All who can should attend the reunion of No. 15 on Aug. 19.

The promptness with which Div. 31, the latest organized division, pays its dues to the State speaks well for the present and future management of the same. However, it is only an instance of the method in which all affairs under control of Captain Desmond are managed.

Division 4 meets in Ryan's hall, Halsted street and Archer avenue, and will expect some visitors in their new quarters. Wisely acknowledging the fact that Sunday is not a day for good attendance, the members have chosen the first Thursday of each month as their future night of meeting. No. 4 has had fewer visitors than any other division, owing to the location of the old hall. We should make amends in the future for past absence.

Division 3 also changed their meetings to the first and third Mondays. This was a good change in two ways, first, from Sunday, secondly, having two meetings in a month. It is hoped the future will prove that the change has been beneficial. I have been much interested in Div. 3, and value its membership at a high estimate. Numbering in its ranks the veteran Luke Lyons and its many bright young officers, Brother Cullinan and his confreres, we had every reason to expect progress and prosperity.

Brother P. G. Maguire says Div. 6 is going ahead with that calm dignity which distinguishes the statesmen of the old Town of Lake, nearly one hundred in good standing, a long list of propositions and a good balance in Treasurer Fanning's hands, are fairly indicative that No. 6 is sound to the core, numerically, financially or any other way you may desire.

At the risk of being accused of high treason, or coming under the censure of our worthy "chaplain," I am compelled to announce the fact that a few sympathizers are thinking of organizing a new division in the Holy Family parish. It is claimed there is plenty of room, and that a little competition would be the life of Hibernian business in that neighborhood. Some of our statisticians place the population of the locality at 60,000 souls. If the number is correct there is room for five divisions.

ER.

PASSING OF THE A. P. A.

In proof of the fact that proscription for conscience sake can never enter deeply into the mind or intent of the American people, we have the utter ignoring of the self-advertised "patriotic" elements by all political parties in the present presidential campaign. A few months ago there was much bluster on the part of the country's cavern-jawed hypocrites; much questioning of prominent presidential candidates, as to their "position" on the religious issue, and many terrible threats on the part of the proscription leaders against anyone brave enough to flout their impudent assumptions. Today, in presence of a real topic to engage the intelligent thought and judgment of the people, the flimsy pretext of the labelled "patriots" are relegated with their concoctors to where Senator Hoar consigned them a year ago, and in all the land there is no political party nor any section of the country so poor or wanting in influence to do them reverence. The money question that has risen before the country in such swift growing proportions is of so tremendous an importance to the future welfare of the nation, both as to its individual citizens, and its future commercial standing among the countries of the world, that it would naturally overshadow every matter of minor import in the public mind; but considering the preparations that have been making for several years past by the self-styled defenders of the Republic, and their avowed purpose to show themselves dominant in the coming election, their failure to be even considered a factor in current affairs is so ridiculously complete that it ought to end their ignoble existence forever.

It is a waste of thunder for any of the political parties to elevate the religious questions raised by passing bigotry to the dignity of a plank in their national platform, even for the purpose of casting merited reprobation upon those who raise the nationality or religion cry. It will be found, in national contests at least, that the American people fully understand what to do with such men and such issues, and do not need to be informed that proscription for conscience sake is a principle essentially hostile to all classes in this country, and therefore a common enemy to be crushed by true Americanism, irrespective of race, creed, party or locality.—Donahoe's Magazine.

TWO PICTURES.

A lonely path in a forest old,
An oak tree old and gray,
Waving its banner of brown and gold,
That keepeth watch alway,—
Through long, lone days and silent night,
Keeping its watch in the pale moonlight.

Alone by the tree, in the evening air,
A woman kneels by a lowly grave,—
A woman young, and strangely fair,
Where the grasses nod and wave.
The trees sing a weird and lonely wail
As she kneels alone in the moonlight pale.

The years roll by; the scene is strange;
In the glimmer and gleam of a thousand lights,
('Tis only the work of time and change),
A woman moves in a ballroom bright,
And through the dreamy waltz is whirled,
Queen of fashion, queen of the world.

The lights gleam bright in the mirrored hall,
The dancers glide to the music's strains;
Tropic odors where fountains fall,
Drooping of flowers as evening wanes;
And the woman laughs in the banquet hall,
The brightest, merriest one of all.

But the players strike an olden strain,
And the laugh on the woman's lips is hushed;
The sweet smile dies before the pain
That into that wondrous face has rushed—
The ballroom from her gaze has flown
And the woman kneels by a grave, alone.

Again, in the deep of a night long dead,
A woman kneels in the long, wet grass,
Nor heeds the trees' wail overhead,
Nor the strange moonlight in the shades that pass.
For the moment the woman's thoughts have fled
Back to the grave where her heart lies dead.

KATHLEEN M. NICHOLSON.

Hurley, Wis.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The intense heat did not deter the Gaelic players from carrying out their games as scheduled last Sunday afternoon, but it had a decided effect on the attendance, the crowd being one of the smallest of the season. In the first series the O'Connell's won a fine game from the Liberators by one goal and three points to two points. Neither side had out its full strength and chances seemed to favor the Liberators, who defended the south goal and had the strong breeze at their backs. From the start they made a smart attack and should have scored, but Howley cleverly checked the rush and returned the ball. Another rush was well met by Mangan and Ryan, who throughout the game did strong work. After a few minutes' play it was apparent the O'Connell's were bent on having their fair share of the game.

In the second game the Emmets had for their opponents the O'Neill Crowleys, the latter being a new organization, and though the team contains some clever players they lack the experience necessary to cope with clubs who have been playing together for some time. Owing to darkness the second half had to be curtailed, but at call of time the Crowleys had been unable to score, while the Emmets had amassed two goals and four points.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: Aug. 18, Sept. 1, 15, 29 and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

A SPARTAN SON.

Magnificent Speech of the Late Thomas Francis Bourke When Sentence of Death Was Pronounced Upon Him For Heading the Tipperary "Rising" of 1867.

When Leaving For Ireland, to Draw the Sword For Her Rights, His Mother Said to Him, "My Boy, Return With Your Shield or Upon It"—A Ringing Address.

The first Special Commission had done its duty to the satisfaction of the government. Of the forty-one men placed on trial thirty-six had been convicted, and now that the men who, with Stephens, were mainly instrumental in making the organization a dangerous one, were safe under lock and key the loyal inhabitants of the "united" kingdom looked forward to a return of peace and serfdom. In vain, however. Like many previous National movements, it only wanted the red hand of oppression to make it popular, and the result of the fiery protests in the dock of the imprisoned leaders was that where the conspiracy had previously failed to gain a foothold, it now spread apace. The ministers were forced to confess their failure to cope with the unseen forces arrayed against them, and on their representation a bill for the suspension of the habeas corpus act passed through all its stages in both houses and received royal assent on the same day. Before a month had elapsed from the date on which the suspension act became law over 600 persons suspected of Fenian designs were in jail. All to no use. The people were rapidly arming, and waited news from America, whither Stephens had gone. The organization in that country was in chaos, and the great head centre failed to bring about peace. One wing of the disrupted body crossed the Canadian border, and the news that the Irish [illegible] regiment soon thrilled Ireland with joy.

The other wing made active preparations for beginning the war on Irish soil, and things were rapidly approaching a climax. Stephens proclaimed loudly that the outbreak of hostilities could no longer be postponed, and that he would be at the head of an insurrectionary army before the 1st of January, 1867. Alas! when the new year opened there was no fighting on Irish ground, and Stephens was living quietly in New York, afraid to face the storm of public indignation his weakness—if not, indeed, his cowardice—had provoked. He was deposed from control of the movement, and Col. T. J. Kelly, a bold, able and active officer took command. The new leader, together with Gen. Halpin, Capt. McAfferty, Thomas Francis Bourke and others determined that the flag of rebellion should be raised at all costs, and, after the necessary preparations, left for Ireland.

The date of the rising was fixed for the 5th of March, and to Bourke was entrusted the movement in Tipperary. He was a native of that county, having been born in Fethard in December, 1840. At an early age he emigrated to America, where for many years he followed his father's profession of house decorating. He joined the Fenian movement early in its career, and his ability and straightforwardness soon raised him to a position of trust in the Brotherhood. Although in weak health, he longed eagerly for the outbreak of hostilities in Ireland, and none was more bitterly disappointed in the defection of Stephens than he. On his arrival in Ireland he was arrested on suspicion, but his pale and sunken features and worn appearance lent corroboration to his assertion that he had returned for the good of his health only, and he was discharged. On the night of the rising his men assembled at Bansha, and the following proclamation, dated from the "Headquarters, Irish Republican Army, Tipperary," was issued:

"Soldiers—The hour for which you have longed has come at last. You are now about to confront the enemies of your country and your race. You must not expect material aid from without until you have shown the friends of Republican liberty, by deeds, not words, that you are worthy of their sympathy. You are not so well armed as you might be. But you will remember that history furnishes no instance of revolution when the insurgents took the field as well armed as the government forces opposed to them. You will carry on the struggle for Irish independence according to the usages of civilized warfare; but should the enemy inaugurate the 'stamping out' process, or should they insult, injure or violate any of the daughters of our land, let your battle-cry be war to the knife! Comrades, the eyes of the world are upon you, and thousands of your brothers beyond the Atlantic and elsewhere, will rush to arms, when your deeds proclaim that you are really the men in the gap. Irishmen, may the wrongs and woes of centuries of oppression and misrule nerve your arms when you march forth to combat, with the flag of your fathers above you and the light of battle in your faces."

On the morning of the 6th of March the insurgents marched to an old Danish fort, where pikes and rifles were distributed. About mid-day a party of soldiers were sent to disperse them, and despite the efforts of Bourke and his lieutenants, Capt. Fitzharris and a farmer named Fogarty, they fled at the first volley from the soldiers. Bourke rode off shouting, "To the mountains: assemble on the mountains!" He was unable, however, to effect his escape, and, having fallen from his horse, was arrested before he was able to remount.

At the new special commission which opened at Dublin on the 8th of April following, the crown had to rely mainly on the evidence of informers, as it relied during the first commission mainly on documentary evidence. Bourke was one of the first placed on trial. In the dock his open, frank expression, his soldierly appearance and gentlemanly demeanor, won him much sympathy. His eyes were bright and fearless, his features regular, his beard long and flowing. The informers, Godfrey Massey, alias Condon, formerly a colonel in the American confederate army, and John Joseph Corydon, formerly a lieutenant, both of whom had taken a prominent part in the conspiracy, gave evidence against him, and carried the conviction of his guilt to the minds of the jury. Before sentence of death was pronounced Bourke made the following eloquent announcement:

My Lords—It is not my intention to occupy much of you time in answering the question—what I have to say why sentence should not be passed upon me? But I may, with your permission, review a lit le of the evinence that has been brought against me. The first evidence that I would speak of, that of sub-Inspector Kelly, who had a conversation with me in Clonmel. He states that he asked me either how was my friend, or whot about my friend, Mr. Stephens, and that I made answer and said, that he was the most idolized man that ever had been, or that ever would be in America. Here, standing on the brink of my grave, and in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, I brand that as being the foulest perjury that ever man gave utterance to. In any conversaticn that occurred the name of Stephens was not mentioned. I shall pass from that, and then touch on the evidence of Brett. He states that I assisted in distributing the bread to the parties in the fort, and that I stood with him in the wagon or cart. This is also false. I was not in the fort at the time; I was not there when the bread was distributed. I came in afterwards. Both of these assertions have been made and submitted to the men in whose hands my life rested, as evidence made on [illegible] purely for the purpose of giving my body to an untimely grave. There are many points, my lords, that have been sworn to here to prove my complicity in a great many acts it has been alleged I took part in. It is not my desire now to give utterance to one word against the verdict which has been pronounced upon me. But fully conscious of my honor as a man, which has never been impugned, fully conscious that I can go into my grave with a name and character unsullied, I can only say that these parties, actuated by a desire either for their own aggrandisement, or to save their paltry, miserable lives, have pandered to the appetite, if I may so speak, of justice, and my life shall pay the forfeit.

Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that I would not do again, nothing for which I should feel the blush of shame mantling my brow; my conduct and career, both here as a private citizen, and in America, if you like, as a soldier, are before you: and even in this, my hour of trial, I feel the consciousness of having lived an honest man, and I will die proudly, believing that if I have given my life to give freedom and liberty to the land of my birth, I have done only that which every Irishman and every man whose soul throbs with a feeling of liberty should do. I shall scarcely—I feel I should not at all—mention the name of Massey. I feel that I should not pollute my lips with the name of that traitor, whose illegitimacy has been proven here—a man whose name even is not known, and who, I deny point blank, ever wore the star of a colonel in the confederate army. Him I shall let rest. Let Massey remember from this day forth that he carries with him, as my able and eloquent counsel (Mr. Dowse) has stated, a serpent that will knaw his conscience, will carry about him in his breast a living hell from which he never can be separated.

I, my lords, have no desire for the name of a martyr: I seek not the death of a martyr; but if it is the will of the Almighty and Omnipotent God that my devotion for the land of my birth shall be tested on the scaffold, I am willing there to die in defence of the right of men to free government—the right of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke of thraldom. I am an Irishman by birth, an American by adoption; by nature a lover of freedom—an enemy to the power that holds my native land in the bonds of tyranny. It has so often been admitted that the oppressed have a right to throw off the yoke of oppression, even by English statesmen, that I do not deem it necessary to advert to the fact in a British court of justice. Ireland's children are not, never were, and never will be willing or submissive slaves; and so long as England's flag covers one inch of Irish soil, just so long will they believe it to be a divine right to conspire, imagine and devise means to hurl it from power, and to erect in its stead the God-like structure of self-government.

I shall now, my lords, before I go any further, perform one important duty to my learned, talented and eloquent counsel. I offer them that which is poor enough, the thanks, the sincere and heartfelt thanks of an honest man. I offer them, too, in the name of America, the thanks of the Irish people. I know that I am here without a relative—without a friend—in fact, 3,000 miles away from my family. But I know that I am not forgotten there. The great and generous Irish heart of America today feels for me; today sympathises with and does not forget the man who is willing to tread the scaffold—aye defiantly, proudly, conscious of no wrong, in defence of American principles, in defence of liberty. To Messrs. Butt, Dowse, O'Loghlen, and all the counsel for the prisoners, for some of whom I believe Mr. Curran will appear, and my very able solicitor, Mr. Lawless, I return individually and collectively, my sincere and heartfelt thanks.

"I shall now, my lords, as no doubt you will suggest to me, think of the propriety of turning my attention to the world beyond the grave. I shall now look only to that home where sorrows are at an end, where joy is eternal. I shall hope and pray that freedom may yet dawn on this poor downtrodden country. It is my hope, it is my prayer, and the last words that I shall utter will be a prayer to God for forgiveness, and a prayer for poor old Ireland. Now, my lords, in relation to the other man, Corridon, I will make a few remarks. Perhaps before I go to Corridon, I should say much has been spoken on that table of Col. Kelly, and of the meetings held at his lodgings in London. I desire to state, I never knew where Col. Kelly's lodgings were. I never knew where he lived in London, till I heard the informer, Massey, announce it on the table. I never attended a meeting at Col. Kelly's; and the hundred other statements that have been made about him, I now solemnly declare on my honor as a man—a dying man—these statements have been totally unfounded and false from beginning to end. In relation to the small paper that was introduced here, and brought against me as evidence, as having been found on my person in connection with that oath, I desire to say that that paper was not found on my person. I knew no person whose name was on that paper. O'Beirne, of Dublin, or those other delegates you heard of, I never saw or met. That paper has been put in there for some purpose. I can swear positively it is not in my handwriting. I can also swear that I never saw it; yet it is used as evidence against me. Is this justice? Is this right? Is this manly? I am willing if I have transgressed the laws to suffer the penalty, but I object to this system of trumping up a case to take away the life of a human being. True, I ask for no mercy. I feel that, with my present emaciated frame and somewhat shattered constitution, it is better that my life should be brought to an end than that I should drag out a miserable existence in the prison dens of Portland. Thus it is, my lords, I accept the ver- [illegible] unnecessary, but I am satisfied with it. And now I shall close. True it is there are many feelings that actuate me at this moment. In fact, these few disconnected remarks can give no idea of what I desire to state to the court. I have ties to bind me to life and society as strong as any man in this court can have. I have a family I love as much as any man in this court loves his family. But I can remember the blessing I received from an aged mother's lips as I left her the last time. She, speaking as the Spartan mother did, said—'Go, my boy, return either with your shield or upon it.' This reconciles me—this gives me heart. I submit to my doom; and I hope that God will forgive me my past sins. I hope also, that inasmuch as He has for 700 years preserved Ireland, notwithstanding all the tyranny to which she has been subjected, as a separate and distinct nationality, He will also assist her to retrieve her fallen fortunes—to rise in her beauty and majesty, the Sister of Columbia, the peer of any nation in the world."

He was then sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered in the usual formula.

Bourke's speech in the dock takes high place among such utterances. It was spoken with great deliberation, in a clear and firm manner, with all absence of affectation, and with a voice pleasantly modulated as the burning periods fell from his lips. It produced great effect in Ireland, and won for the prisoner the sympathy of even his opponents.

The death sentence was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. In prison Bourke, whose constitution was completely shattered, spent most of his time in the invalid jail at Woking. On his release he returned to America, where he died a few years ago.—Irish Weekly Independent.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet no charge about western farm lands to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

EVERYTHING GOES

Gold Democrats Adopt the Complete Programme.

CONVENTION CALLED FOR SEPT. 2.

At Which a New Platform Will Be Declared and a New Ticket Nominated—Indianapolis Chosen as the Convention City—Senator John M. Palmer Selected for National Committee Chairman—Gathering Does Its Work in Short Order—Proceedings in Detail.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 8.—The provisional national committee of the gold standard Democrats met at the Commercial club at 8 p. m. yesterday. Bynum called the meeting to order. He announced that General Bragg and Senator Palmer were detained by washouts. The meeting was open to visiting Democrats as well as to members of the committee, and the assembly room was packed. The temporary organization was continued till the evening session. In the absence of Robbins, of Illinois, Ewing, of Illinois, was made temporary secretary.

States That Were Represented.

A call of the states showed just thirty states represented by committeemen present as follows: Alabama, J. M. Falkner; California, E. B. Pond; Connecticut, Joel Sperry; Florida, J. L. Gaskins; Georgia, T. B. Neal; Illinois, John M. Palmer; Indiana, John R. Wilson; Iowa, T. M. Martin; Kansas, Eugene Hagan; Kentucky, R. T. Taylor; Maine, C. N. Holman; Maryland, John E. Semms; Massachusetts, Nathan Matthews, Jr.; Michigan, Thomas A. Wilson; Minnesota, F. W. McCutcheon; Missouri, I. C. Krauthaff; Nebraska, Euclid Martin; New Hampshire, Gordon Woodbury; North Carolina, Louis De La Croix; New York, Charles Tracey; Ohio, J. H. Outhwaite; Oregon, C. E. S. Wood; Pennsylvania, John C. Bullit; Rhode Island, C. C. Mummford; South Carolina, T. F. Foley; South Dakota, H. H. Anton; Tennessee, J. C. McReynolds; Texas, M. L. Crawford; West Virginia, H. C. Simms; Wisconsin, Ellis C. Usher; Vermont, John W. Gordon; Virginia, Joseph Bryan; Washington, Ira Krutz.

Those committeemen selected but who were not present were: Louis Ehrick, Colorado; Edgar S. Wilson, Mississippi; Charles C. Conrad, Montana, and T. G. Foley, South Carolina.

Knew Just What They Were There For.

The secretary read the resolutions adopted at the conference held in Chicago July 23 by ten middle western states, the object of which was to arrange for the holding of another Democratic national convention at which an independent gold Democratic ticket should be named. Outhwaite moved that a committee of five should be at once appointed whose duty it should be to select a time and place for the convention. There was loud cheering over this motion. Delegate Martin seconded the motion and it was passed unanimously.

The chairman then appointed the committee as follows: James H. Outhwaite, of Ohio; Charles Tracey, of New York; J. H. Falkner, of Alabama; F. W. McCutcheon, of Minnesota, and [illegible] Krauthoff, of Missouri.

Indianapolis Gets the Convention.

The states were called for the location of the convention. Colonel D. W. Lawler presented the claims of Minneapolis, followed by John L. Griffiths and S. O. Pickens for Indianapolis. H. M. Davies presented the claims of Louisville. The ballott resulted: Indianapolis, 19; Minneapolis, 6; Louisville, 2. The Indianapolis people then celebrated their victory with invitations to luncheon at the Commercial club rooms and announced carriages for evening drives about the city. A recess was then taken to 8 p. m.

PALMER IS NATIONAL CHAIRMAN.

Call Adopted for a National Convention to Meet Sept. 2.

It was 8:40 when the committee reassembled. The visitors filled the assembly room. Senator John M. Palmer was given an ovation when he entered the hall. It was announced at the afternoon session that General Bragg was delayed by a washout on the Pennsylvania. At the night session the announcement was made that he could not get here. General Chas. Tracey stated that they had taken measures to perpetuate the greatest of all parties, and needed the foremost of leaders. He nominated John M. Palmer for chairman of the national committee. Palmer was selected unanimously. He said he sympathized most earnestly in the purpose of the meeting. The Chicago convention had forgotten the honor as well as the principles of the Democratic party.

John R. Wilson, of Indiana, was elected secretary; John P. Frenzel, of Indiana, treasurer. John H. Outhwaite, of Ohio, as chairman of the committee on a call for the National convention and plan of organization, reported the following, which was repeatedly interrupted by applause in its reading and adopted unanimously. It is addressed "To the Democrats of the United States:"

"A political party has always been defined to be an association of voters to promote the success of political principles held in common. The Democratic party, during its whole history, has been pledged to promote the liberty of the individual, the security of private rights and property, and the supremacy of the law.

"It has always insisted upon a safe and stable money for the people's use. It has insisted upon the maintenance of the financial honor of the nation, as well as upon the preservation inviolate of the institutions established by the constitution. These, its principles, were abandoned by the supposed representatives of the party at a national convention recently assembled at Chicago. The Democratic party will therefore cease to exist unless it be preserved by the voluntary action of such of its members as still adhere to the fundamental principles. No majority of the members of the convention, however large, had any right or power to surrender those principles. When they undertook to do so that assemblage ceased to be a Democratic convention.

"The action taken, the irregular proceedings, and the platform enunciated by that body were and are so utterly and indefensibly revolutionary, and constitute such radical departures from the principles of the Democracy, which should characterise a sound and patriotic administration of our country's affairs, that its results are not entitled to the confidence or support of true Democrats. For the first time since national parties were formed there is not before the American people a platform declaring the principles of the Democratic party as recognized and most courageously and consistently administered by Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland.

"Nor are the nominees for the offices of president and vice president of the United States pledged to carry those principles into practical effect. The faithful and true Democrats of the United States are determined that their principles shall not be ruthlessly surrendered, nor the people be deprived of an opportunity to vote for candidates in accord therewith.

"Therefore, the national Democratic party of the United States, through its regularly constituted committee, hereby calls a national convention of that party for the announcement of its platform and the nomination of candidates for the offices of president and vice president of the United States and the transaction of such business as is incidental thereto, to be held at Indianapolis, Wednesday, the 2d day of September, 1896, at 12 o'clock noon, and hereby requests that the members of the party in the several states who believe in sound money and the preservation of law and order, and who are unalterably opposed to the platform adopted and candidates nominated at Chicago, will select in such manner as to them shall seem best a number of delegates to the same equal to twice the number of electoral votes to which such states are respectively entitled.

"Such delegates shall be duly accredited, according to the usages of the Democratic party. Their credentials shall be forwarded or delivered to the secretary of this committee with all convenient speed, and this committee will make up and announce the roll of the delegates entitled to participate in the preliminary organization of the convention."

On motion of Outhwaite Chairman Palmer was directed to appoint an executive committee of nine who should take charge of the campaign of the National Democratic party at once and report to the general national committee of the new party at a meeting to be held in Indianapolis Tuesday, Sept. 1, the day preceding the national convention. By resolution this executive committee was directed at the earliest practicable day to issue an address to the Democracy of the country, setting forth its purposes and plans. The general committee at 10:15 adjourned to meet in Indianapolis Tuesday, Sept. 1. A secret conference was then held at Senator Palmer's room over the selection of the nine members of the executive committee.

At 12 o'clock last night Chairman Palmer announced his executive committee as follows: J. M. Falkner, Alabama; John P. Hopkins, Illinois; W. D. Bynum, Indiana; W. B. Haldeman, Kentucky; F. W. Lehman, Missouri; F. W. McCutcheon, Minnesota; Charles Tracey, New York; Samuel Holding, Ohio; Ellis B. Usher, Wisconsin. The executive committee will meet today to elect a chairman. Chairman Palmer is a member of the executive committee ex officio.

SWAP COMPLIMENTS AT CANTON.

Bryan Committee Visits McKinley—Reception of the Democratic Leader.

CANTON, O., Aug. 11.—The first thing of interest in this town yesterday, the day the Nebraska candidate for the presidency was to stop at the home of the Ohio candidate, was the arrival in town of a committee from Pittsburg which, getting here too early, put in the time with a visit to the major, who received them courteously and thanked them for their visit. They told him that the candidate for president of the United States was always a man whom it was an honor to know, and he told them that all parties desired the honor and prosperity of the American government and people.

Among the distinguished callers on Major McKinley were the Hon. Richard P. and Mrs. Bland. They came here with the committee from Pittsburg. Mr. and Mrs. Bland had gone to Alliance, a city twenty miles east of here, ahead of the Bryan party, as it was a part of the programme to have a speech of some length at that place by Bryan. While there Bland was told that an address would be made here, and he was prevailed upon by the Pittsburg committee to return to Canton. The time spent at the McKinley home by Mr. and Mrs. Bland was apparently very agreeable to both the honored callers and to Major and Mrs. McKinley.

These were the preliminaries to the arrival here of the Democratic candidate, whose train rolled into the station at 12:20 and was received by a very large crowd from this city and the surrounding country. Bryan spoke from a car near the station and said a number of pleasant and graceful things about his political opponent. He did not forget, however, to say that this was a campaign of principles, not men, and likened himself to the Good Samaritan who rescued the man who had fallen among thieves, the inevitable logic of which was that McKinley was one of those who "passed by on the other side" and the American people was the man fallen among thieves.

He said that there were plenty of his own neighbors who would vote against him at Lincoln, Neb., and he only hoped that every man would feel free to vote as he pleased. He was loudly cheered at the close of his speech, which was made at a point of much interest on his journey from Chicago eastward. The whole trip up to this point had been like the one west of Chicago, a very gratifying one to Bryan. All through Indiana there had been crowds at each station and when Ohio was reached there were crowds at Dixon, Delphos, Lima, Lafayette, Bucyrus, Crestline and elsewhere. At several of the towns he made brief speeches and at all he was enthusiastically cheered.

Steel Works Shut Down.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 7.—The Johnson Steel works at Lorain have closed down, and 800 men are thrown out of employment.

THE DEATH RECORD.

SAMUEL D. HALL, ex-mayor of Abington, Ill., at Grafton, Mass.

GEORGE BELL, well-known newspaper man, at New York.

GEORGE KELLENBERGER, well-known citizen of Mendota, Ills.

GEORGE T. ANTHONY, ex-governor of Kansas, at Topeka, Kan.

MRS. ANNETTE HICKS-LORD, at New York.

ROBERT FRAZER, actor and author, at New York.

WILLIAM JENKINS, Sr., an old resident of Paw Paw, Ills.

Judge ALFRED THOMAS of the United States court, at Fargo, N. D.

PETER FRITCHER, well-known contractor and builder, at Amsterdam, N. Y.

THOMAS RAWSON, wealthy retired farmer, at Beloit, Wis.

Baroness TENNYSON, widow of the poet, at London.

Dr. JAMES NORTHROP, old physician of Woodstock, Ills.

REUBEN NOBLE, noted Iowa jurist, at McGregor, Ia.

HUNDREDS KILLED

Heat of the Sun as Deadly as an Oriental Plague.

GREATER NEW YORK'S BIG TOTAL.

Foots Up 183 Fatal Cases for Yesterday—Hospital Ambulances Unequal to the Work of Rescue—Chicago Comes Next with Nearly Fifty Deaths—Girls Faint at Their Counters in the Department Stores—Promise of a Cool Wave.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—Major Dunwoody, the weather forecaster, scanned the map last night in vain for a prospect of relief from the torrid heat under which the country has been sweltering for the past week. It was slightly cooler in the Ohio valley, and the lower lake region was given a slight breathing spell by thunder storms. The temperature had also fallen slightly in the Mississippi valley, the mercury registering but 92, as against 98 at St. Louis and Chicago Sunday. But out on the prairies of Nebraska and Kansas, and to the southward along the gulf states, humanity struggled to exist at 100 degrees. The Atlantic coast as far as Boston showed very high temperatures. At the latter place it was 96, which was also the maximum at Atlantic City.

Ray of Hope in the Northwest.

Away up in the extreme northwest—in the Rockies—however, Major Dunwoody saw a ray of hope. The barometer has risen there and has fallen in the lower central valleys and the lake region. If these high and low areas develop the hot spell will be broken. "But even that is two days away," said the weather-sharp as he shook his head. "The conditions beyond the hope that lies here and here [pointing to these two areas] are practically unchanged. I see no prospect of generally cooler weather until Wednesday at the earliest. Local thunder storms may, however, afford temporary relief at various points." The temperature here was not so high as yesterday, the maximum being 93 as against 98. John W. Stahl, a machinist at the navy yard, was the on deathly.

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED DEATHS.

Frightful Mortality in Greater New York and Its Vicinity.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The number of deaths caused by the heat in Greater New York and vicinity yesterday is 183, and additional victims are being reported hourly. The prostrations are almost innumerable, and no accurate statement of them can be made. Ambulances and patrol wagons were running about all day, the clamor of their gongs becoming a familiar sound. Street car horses dropped in the tracks by scores. Out-of-door work was largely suspended, and many factories were temporarily closed. Sunday night was the hottest of the summer, the climax of the present torrid spell, and one of the hottest known in the city for years.

Morning brought no relief, and at 8 a. m. the thermometer stood 5 degrees higher than at the same hour Sunday, but as the humidity was less intense than in the preceding day there was less discom[illegible]t in the atmosphere. The highest [illegible] on the top of one of the highest [illegible]ings in the city was 90 at 4 p. m. Street temperatures taken in the shade at a point near the center of the city showed 86 at 9 a. m., 97 at 11, 99 at 1 p. m., 102 at 4. Suffering has been most intense in the tenement sections, where poor people are unable to get breathing space.

In these sections the charitable organizations have had their hands full, many infants and children succumbing to sunstroke. The hospitals were obliged to call on the police department to aid them in responding to calls as their ambulances could not cope with the number of cases reported. So police patrol wagons were pressed into service to carry heat victims to the hospitals. Many other wagons were used to carry away dead and disabled animals. At midnight there was no relief.

LESS MORTALITY AT ST. LOUIS.

Temperature Shows Signs of Letting Up—At Southern Illinois Points.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11.—There were not so many prostrations yesterday as on previous days of the present hot spell, a cool wind tempering the heat, and there are prospects that cooler weather will prevail for a time. At 8 a. m. the thermometer registered 82, and but eight degrees were added to this during the day. This is eight degrees lower than the highest point reached here Sunday. A number of deaths were recorded, most of them being victims who were prostrated Sunday.

They are as follows: John Ruperts, deputy marshal, First district police court; Patrick Tobin, laborer; Barney Dixon, colored porter; E. Brinkhaus, cigarmaker; Thomas Haden, Frank Attenheimer and H. C. Buel, laborers. Four deaths from sunstroke which were not made public until yesterday occurred Sunday night. Their names are as follows: John H. Ahrens, jeweler; Thomas Ogleman, Thos. Fogerty and M. J. Carney, laborers.

Up to midnight the prostrations numbered ten. A number of sunstrokes were reported in East St. Louis during the past two days. Three of them resulted fatally. Considerable suffering is still reported from towns in southern Illinois. Prostrations were numerous at Mendota, where the mercury reached 100 degrees. One case will be fatal. Frederick Lange, a farmer living near Carlisle, died from sunstroke. The 100 mark was reached there.

WORLD'S FAIR CITY STILL FRYING.

People Stricken All Over the City by the Terrible Torridity.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—Discomfort and death were still being dealt by the sun's rays yesterday. The high temperature continued without a break. This spell of fatal hot weather is without a precedent. The daily list of deaths from the heat is reaching alarming proportions. Twenty-one gave up their lives Sunday. Hundreds are dying from the indirect effects of the heat, and many more are succumbing to prostration. In some cases they will never recover. From Thursday morning until noon yesterday forty-eight deaths by sunstroke were reported to the health department. For the entire week from Aug. 2 to 9 inclusive last year but one fatal case of sunstroke was reported. The deaths from sunstroke for the last four days are as follows: Thursday, 4; Friday, 5; Saturday, 8; Sunday, 21; Monday forenoon, 10; total for four and one-half days, 48.

Charles Roerich, insurance agent of Newark, O., was killed by a freight train.

FELL ONE THOUSAND FEET.

Particulars of the Terrible Death of Phillip S. Abbot, in Calgary

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 6.—The news of the death of Phillip Abbot was a terrible shock to his relatives and friends in this city. Mr. Abbot was a great student of geology and was passionately fond of mountain climbing and took a trip to the British northwest. It was upon one of these perilous journeys that he met his death. The deceased was 29 years of age and was the eldest son of Edwin H. Abbott, who for many year has been at the head of the Wisconsin Central company and is at present its president.

A Calgary dispatch gives the following particulars of the accident. On the third instant a party consisting of Professor Fay, and Messrs Little, Abbot and Thompson, all of the Appalachian club, of Boston, started from Laggan to attempt the ascent of Mount Lefroy. When about eight miles from Chalet, Phillip Abbot fell over a precipice about 1,000 feet in depth. The body is lying on the glacier and very difficult to be gotten at. A force of expert mountain climbers equipped with ropes is endeavoring to recover the body and it is expected it will be brought to Laggan Station soon.

MAKES NEARLY A MILE A MINUTE.

Anderson, Paced by a Locomotive, Does the Trick in 1:03.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, after three preliminary trials, Cyclist E. E. Anderson wheeled a mile in one minute and three seconds over a plank path. He was paced by a locomotive pulling a coach and rode a wheel geared to 92. Anderson could have bettered this time a few seconds, but he mistook the signals and slowed up a little too soon. The trial took place near Oldenburg, Ills., on the "Bluff line."

For a distance of two miles the road had been planked up between the tracks perfectly smooth. One mile was marked off in the center of this stretch with flags and torpedoes, the latter for the timers and to indicate to Anderson when to go ahead fast and when to slow up. Anderson announces that he will make another attempt on Aug. 23 on a wheel geared to 120.

Fusion Has a Hard Road to Travel.

HASTINGS, Neb., Aug. 7.—The Populist convention was in session all night and adjourned sine die yesterday morning. It was dominated by the "middle-of-the-road" men to such an extent that a long debate was the result of the Democratic proposition for fusion. The Democrats only asked two state officers—treasurer and attorney general—and when they found what a row the request was kicking up they withdrew it. Then the Populists grew generous and they left a hole in their ticket where the attorney general should be. The question of electors was left to the central committee. It is understood that there will be an equal division.

Democrats Get the Electors.

ABILENE, Kas., Aug. 7.—The Democratic proposition to give the Populists the whole state ticket if the Populists would vote for the Democratic electors was accepted by the Populist state convention. The Democrats also agree that the electors shall vote for Sewall or Watson, whichever has the highest vote in the electoral college.

The Election in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 7.—Returns are coming in slowly, but all show that Judges Barton, Neil and Wilson, Democrats, have been elected judges of the court of chancery appeals. Majorities cannot yet be estimated.

Illinois Swamp Claim Rejected.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Secretary Hoke Smith sustains the general land office rejecting the claim of Jefferson county, Illinois, for swamp land indemnity under the acts of March 2, 1855, and March 3, 1857.

Teller Located at Grand Junction.

GRAND JUNCTION, Colo., Aug. 11.—Henry M. Teller, accompanied by his wife and children, arrived in this city yesterday.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.

Money on call 4 per cent. bid; no loans; prime mercantile paper, 6½@7½ per cent.; sterling exchange easier, with actual business in bankers' bills 488¼@488¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 488@489 and 489@490; commercial bills, 487.

Bar silver, 68⅜c; Mexican dollars, 53½.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 111½; do. coupons, 111½; 5's registered, 109; do. coupons, 109; 4's registered, 105; do. coupons, 106; 2's registered, 92; Pacific 6's of '97, 10[illegible].

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 56¼c, closed 56⅝c; September, opened 57c, closed 57c; December, opened 60c, closed 60⅛c. Corn—August, nominal, closed [illegible]; September, opened 24⅛c, closed [illegible]; May, opened 28c, closed 27⅞c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 16⅛c; September, opened 17⅛c, closed 16⅞c; May, opened 20c, closed 19⅝c. Pork—September, opened $6.25, closed $6.57½; October, opened $6.02½, closed $6.15. Lard—August, nominal, closed $3.17½; September, opened $3.12½, closed $3.22½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 8c; spring chickens, 8c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8½@9½c; geese, $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 15@17c per bushel. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Blackberries, 50@75c per 16-qt. case; blueberries, 75@$1.00 per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 34,000; sales ranged at $2.60@3.35 pigs, $3.00@3.55 light, $2.60@2.80 rough packing, $2.90@3.25 mixed, and $2.8[illegible]@3.15 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.85@4.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.30@4.40 good to choice do., $3.95@4.25 fair to good, $3.45@3.85 common to medium do., $3.50@4.00 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.20 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.40@3.40 cows, $2.40@4.00 heifers, $1.75@3.[illegible] bulls, oxen and stags, $2.50@3.25 Texas steers, $2.80@3.80 western rangers and $6.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $[illegible]@3.10 westerns, $2.00@2.85 Texans, $1.75@3.[illegible] natives, and $3.00@5.00 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 10.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 58½c; No. 1 northern, 59c; September, 56⅝c. Corn—No. 3, 24c. Oats—No. 2 white, 21¾c; No. 3 do., 20½@21c. Barley—No. 2, 33c; samples, [illegible]. Rye—No. 1, 31½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Aug. 10.

Wheat—Cash white, 63½c; cash red, [illegible]; August, [illegible]; September, [illegible]; December, [illegible].

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

BELVIDERE, Ills., Aug. 7.—A terrific thunder, lightning and rain storm broke over this city Wednesday evening about 7:30. Eight inches of water fell in two and a half hours. The oldest resident cannot recall anything that equaled it. The city was cut off from telephone connection and the business portion for a time was in total darkness. Lightning struck in twenty places, playing all manner of freaks. The steeple on the German Lutheran church was struck and burned. The building and contents were saved by the gallant work of the fire department. The city street car barns and small houses were blown down.

Trees were torn to pieces and havoc played generally. The lower portions of the city were completely inundated, and basements were filled with water. Several camping parties along the Kishwaukee river, which rose about two feet, were flooded out and were conveyed to the city in hacks after the storm. Word was received here that the village of Poplar Grove suffered from the storm, great damage being done to houses, barns and crops. Several horses and cows were killed. The home of Dell Hurley was struck and the barn of L. A. Warren blown from its foundations.

Reports are coming in from all parts of Boone county about the damage to the corn crop. Field after field was blown down, some being completely washed out. The Rockford road, at the one and one-half mile bridge, was washed out and the road completely swept away. A bridge three miles north of here, known as the Barker bridge, was washed away. A barn on Nat Smedly's place on the river road was blown down. A big washout on the Chicago & Northwestern railway was averted by the timely work of its employes near Cherry Valley.

TANNER IN A RUNAWAY.

Republican Nominee for Governor of Illinois Considerable Bruised.

QUINCY, Aug. 7.—John R. Tanner, Republican candidate for governor, was injured in a runaway here Thursday, and spent the rest of his visit with his right arm in a sling and his body swathed in bandages. Mr. Tanner arrived in the city in the morning and during the forenoon made a tour of the factory districts. He was in a surry with E. F. Bradford and J. H. Sheridan, when the horses took fright at a locomotive and ran away. Mr. Tanner and Mr. Sheridan, who were on the rear seat, were thrown out. Mr. Tanner landed on his left shoulder and sustained severe bruises on his body and arm.

Mr. Sheridan was not hurt and the runaway was stopped a short distance further on. Mr. Tanner was conveyed to the office of Dr. Joseph Robbins, who dressed his injuries. Mr. Tanner complained of a pain in his chest, but Dr. Robbins says that his bruises, while painful, are not at all serious. Mr. Tanner rested a couple of hours and then attended a picnic at Kaiser's garden. He was to have addressed a massmeeting in Washington park in the evening, but was unable to speak, and E. S. Taylor of Evanston made the speech of the evening.

Fusion in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—After a conference between the state committees of the Democratic and Populist parties it is now affirmed that W. F. Beck of Olney, a candidate for auditor on the Democratic state ticket, will be withdrawn and the place given to some prominent Populist. This, it is said, will insure a complete fusion of both parties on presidential and state tickets. Beck is protesting against his removal, but is offered the appointment to some prominent position should Altgeld be elected.

Cannot Run for Elector.

MURPHYSBORO, Ills., Aug. 10.—Lieutenant Governor Joseph B. Gill has sent in his resignation as Democratic presidential elector for the Twentieth Illinois district. Gill said in his resignation that ill-health would deter him from making the active campaign that the position made necessary.

Democrats Nominate a Populist.

MARION, Ills., Aug. 10.—The Democratic congressional convention of the Twenty-second district reconvened in this city Saturday and completed the work begun July 18. John J. Hall, of Johnson county, the Populist nominee, was nominated for congress.

State Notes.

Mrs. Mary Bruce, who keeps a boarding house in Evanston, Ills., got angry at a new negro cook and with a butcher knife chased him half a mile.

At the next session of the state legislature a bill will be presented to place the water supplies, disposal of sewage and sanitary arrangements of public buildings of Illinois under control of the state board of health.

W. A. Northcott and Monroe C. Crawford, Republican and Democratic nominees respectively for lieutenant governor, will speak Aug. 27 at the annual farmers' picnic near Sycamore, Ills.

John Dalton, a Chicago peddler, while drunk assaulted his wife and 12-year-old daughter with a hammer. Mrs. Dalton's skull was fractured and she may die.

Suicide of a Bicycle Woman.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 10.—About 1 o'clock Sunday morning a pretty little married woman named Laura Beaster, nattily attired in bloomer costume, coasted down the Jefferson street hill to the landing, hastily scribbled a few lines on a note, which she tucked under the saddle, then exclaimed, "Well, I might as well end all now," and leaped into the Maumee river. She sunk like a rock. The body was recovered a few minutes later, but life was extinct. Despondency and marital troubles were assigned as the reason for the act.

Murdered by His Son.

FARBER, Mo., Aug. 11.—Alexander January was murdered at his home one mile north of this place by his 19-year-old son William. The boy at first said he did not know who killed his father. After the coroner's inquest was held young January confessed that he committed the deed. He lay in wait in the hallway of the barn and when his father came out to feed the stock he shot him twice with a double-barreled shotgun and then knocked him in the head with a hoe.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Aug. 5.

Chris Hoeger keeps a grocery store at 3601 Robey street, Chicago. At noon two men held up Hoeger's clerk with revolvers, stole $12 from the till and fired the air full of holes as they drove away in a buggy.

Cincinnati police are holding C. E. Perry for the authorities of Hagerstown, Md., where he is wanted on a charge of embezzling funds from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Dr. J. A. Rawls, of Creston, Ia., tested a dose of physic prepared for a lady. He will die.

Robert Parker, of Brookshire, Tex., shot his bride of but six months and then killed himself.

Martin O'Hara, aged 75, and his son James, of Kingston, Ont., are dying. The father shot the son, and in turn another son struck the old man with a club.

Charles W. Weber, of Napoleon, O., has been sued for $5,000 damages by Miss Mary Fritz for breach of promise.

Thursday, Aug. 6.

Austria will organize an international union to protect the central European grain producers against American competition.

A large number of cotton mills closed at Fall River, Mass., according to the agreement among the mill owners, to curtail the production. About 20,000 operatives are idle.

Bennett Feldman, of Chicago, was stabbed in the arm and about the head by drunken bums whom he attempted to eject from his picture frame factory. The victim may die.

Francis Salzner, of Lehigh, Utah, was robbed of $55 and a ticket to Philadelphia in the Grand Central station, Chicago.

An opium pipe set with jewels and valued at $500 was confiscated in an opium joint at Chicago. It is now in the hands of the police.

Robert Garrett's will, which has just been filed at Baltimore, gives the bulk of his $5,000,000 estate to his wife.

Japan is making rapid progress in trade, having invested more than $[illegible]0,000,000 in new projects this year. Exports and imports amounted to over $265,000,000 during 1895, a gain of $30,000,000 over the previous year.

Friday, Aug. 7.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., is reported to be improving in health.

Thomas Ginnis, of Chicago, fell down an elevator shaft at the Warren Springer building and received a broken arm and an injured spine.

Henry Oster, of Mascoutah, Ill., was bitten by a rattlesnake. He drank a quart of whisky and is now out of danger.

Three grain vessels, their combined length being nearly a quarter of a mile, have left Counselman's elevator at South Chicago loaded with 595,000 bushels of corn.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, has respited Anthony Alcorn Lincoln for thirty days. He was to have been hanged yesterday for murdering his father.

Harris & Co., of Chicago, have given notice that they will cancel their bid for $20,000 of Hicksville, O., bonds unless they are made payable in gold.

J. B. Tucker, a wealthy Kansas City stockman, died in a St. Louis hotel after a prolonged spree. His wife suddenly became insane and attempted suicide, failed and later disappeared. The police cannot find her.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

Dempsey Etheridge, conductor for twenty years on the Burlington road, fell under his train at Murray, Ia., and was instantly killed.

The Park theatre, Tugby's museum and other buildings were burned at Niagara Falls, N. Y. Loss, $250,000.

Senator Quay declares he will refuse a re-election to the senate and says he intends to retire from politics at the expiration of his present term.

"Sound money" Democrats who bolted the state convention at Waterloo, Me., Thursday nominated W. H. Clifford for governor.

H. Clay Evans declines to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Tennessee.

The republic of Uruguay has given notice of its intention to terminate, Jan. 8, 1897, its treaty of commerce and navigation with Germany.

Isaac Lane, of Chesterton, Ind., was bitten on the arm by a fly and amputation was found necessary owing to extreme swelling.

Monday, Aug. 10.

Li Hung Chang will not stop at Chicago on his way home across this continent.

Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, has been summoned to England to confer with Salisbury about the Venezuela question.

Judge Alfred Thomas, of the North Dakota district United States court, died at Fargo after a serious illness of about one week. He was a native of Wisconsin, 59 years of age.

For two years William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for president, has been editor of the Omaha World-Herald. Since he has been nominated he has resigned his editorship.

Hot winds in Oklahoma, the temperature reaching 106 degrees, first parched the crops. Now fire has come along and in the stricken district there are no crops.

Lasker, the chess master, has won the first prize at the Nuremburg tournament.

The Standard bank of Toronto has given notice that hereafter American $1 bills or silver certificates will be discounted at the rate of 10 per cent.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

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THEY CARRY LIGHTS.

LUMINOUS BIRDS THAT HUNTERS HAVE DISCOVERED.

The Heron's Powder Patch, Which Makes a Two Candle Light—Birds of Madagascar, Trinidad and Other Places That Become Phosphorescent at Will.

A belated sportsman returning from a day's sport found himself late in the evening on the edge of a flat or marsh which bordered the path. The moon had not risen, and the darkness was so intense that he was obliged to move slowly and carefully. As he walked along, gun on shoulder, he thought he saw a number of lights, some moving, others stationary. As they were in the river bed, he knew that they could not be lanterns, and for some time he was puzzled; but being of an inquisitive mind he walked down to the water to investigate. As the stream was a slow running, shallow one, he had no difficulty in wading in, and soon convinced himself that the lights were not carried by men, and were either ignes fatui or from some cause unknown. To settle the apparent mystery he crept as close as he could, took careful aim and fired. At the discharge the lights disappeared; but, keeping his eye on the spot where they had been he walked quickly to it, and found, to his amazement, a night heron, upon whose breast gleamed the mysterious light. The sportsman told me of this incident, and, while I had often heard of the light on the heron's breast, I never before could find any one who had personally witnessed the phenomenon; consequently I propounded numerous questions. The observer saw the light distinctly; first, at a distance of at least 50 yards, or 150 feet. There were three lights upon each bird—one upon each side between the hips and tail and one upon the breast. He saw the lights of at least four individuals, and was so interested that he observed them all carefully, and as to their intensity stated to me that each light was the equivalent of two candles, so that when he aimed he could see the gun sight against it.

As to whether the bird had control of the light, he believed that it did, as he saw the lights open and shut several times as he crawled toward the bird, and he stopped when the light disappeared and crept on when it came again. The light did not endure long after the bird was shot, fading away almost immediately. In color the light was white and reminded him of phosphorescent wood.

Stories of luminous birds have been related by sportsmen occasionally, but, so far as I know, exact facts and data have never before been obtained on this most interesting and somewhat sensational subject. A friend in Florida told me that he had distinctly seen a light moving about in a flock of cranes at night and became satisfied that the light was upon the breast of a bird. Another friend informed me that on entering a heron rookery at night he had distinctly observed lights moving about among the birds.

That herons have a peculiar possible light producing apparatus is well known. These are called powder down patches and can be found by turning up the long feathers on the heron's breast, where will be found a patch of yellow, greasy material that sometimes drops off or fills the feathers in the form of a yellow powder. This powder is produced by the evident decomposition of the small feathers, producing just such a substance as one might expect would become phosphorescent, as there is little doubt that it does.

The cranes and herons are not the only birds having these oily lamps, if so we may term them. A Madagascar bird, called kirumbo, has a large patch on each side of the rump. The bitterns have two pairs of patches, the true herons three, while the curious boat bills have eight, which, if at times all luminous, would give the bird a most conspicuous, not to say spectral, appearance at night.

Some years ago a party of explorers entered a large cave on the island of Trinidad that had hitherto been considered inaccessible. To their astonishment they found it filled with birds which darted about in the dark in such numbers that they struck the explorers and rendered their passage not merely disagreeable, but dangerous. The birds proved to be night hawks, known as oil birds, and in great demand for the oil they contain, and it is barely possible that these birds are also light givers. The powder down patches of the oil bird are upon each side of the rump.

As to the use of such lights to a bird there has been much conjecture, but it is thought that it may be a lure to attract fishes. Thus it is well known that fishes and various marine animals are attracted by light, and a heron standing motionless in the water, the light from its breast, if equal to two candles, would be plainly seen for a considerable distance by various kinds of fishes, who would undoubtedly approach within the reach of the eagle eye and sharp bill of the heron, and so fall victims to their curiosity. If this is a true solving of the mystery it is one of the most remarkable provisions of nature.

There is hardly a group of animals that does not include some light givers of great beauty; but it is not generally known that some of the higher animals also produce light at times. Renninger, the naturalist, whose studies and observations of Paraguay are well known, tells a most remarkable story of his experience with the monkey known as Nyctipithithecus trivirigatus. He was in complete darkness when he observed the phenomenon, which was a phosphorescent light gleaming from the eyes of the animal; not the light which appears in the eye of a cat, but shafts of phosphorescent light which were not only distinctly visible, but illuminated objects a distance of six inches from the animal's eyes.—Philadelphia Times.

TARPON FISHING.

A Texan's Experience With the Most Thrilling Sport In the World.

A Texas sportsman, in Forest and Stream, gives an account of an exciting experience while fishing for tarpon in Galveston bay. He says:

"As I had made my arrangements to return to Houston at 2 o'clock, I told the boatman that if he would give me one more fresh mullet I would bait the hook, and, when that was taken, we would go in. He gave me the mullet, put his oars in the locks and was ready to start when I threw my bait overboard. I had not got three feet from the boat before there was a mighty splash. Water was thrown all over me, and my mullet was taken by a tarpon. I was scarcely prepared for him, but at the same time I prevented his getting too much line, and the reel sang the prettiest kind of song, until he had gone about 50 feet, that I ever heard. At this distance he jumped at least 10 feet out of the water, and, finding I had him safe, I gave him no more slack whatever. He turned immediately out the channel to sea against the tide and continued his rapid gait, jumping clear of the water every 100 feet or so until he had jumped nine times. He kept up the pace until he had gone 3 miles to sea and into very deep water.

"I had no control of him whatever, and he had taken on several occasions during this outward sea movement nearly all my line, at least 550 feet. After this distance he turned to the left and went at least 2 miles, until he got into 5 or 6 feet of water. Then he turned back across the channel and went on the opposite side of it, probably 1½ miles. After 2½ hours he went back into water 3½ or 4 feet deep, and I had some hope of getting him into water where I could gaff him. But, without warning, he turned to sea again and did not stop until he had gone 1½ miles. This fish took us around over the bay for 5½ hours, and a distance of not less than 12 or 13 miles. I found I had no control over him, and I knew I had him foul in some way, because no pressure that I dared bring to bear seemed to turn his head, and when I got him broadside toward me and endeavored to hold him I would draw him broadside to me, and not head foremost, which told me I had him hooked somewhere in the side.

After I had worn out Captain Frank Marsh, my boatman and myself, and we had on several occasions almost decided to cut the line and let the fish go, we began to have a little control over him, and worked him toward shallow water, and at 6:15 I got him into water about 3½ feet deep, and the captain got into the water himself and worked up to the fish and gaffed him, as he had a gaff with a handle about 6 feet long. After he got the gaff into the tarpon he drew him toward the boat, and I killed him with an oar."

CURIOSITY FOR FLOWER LOVERS.

Eight Different Varities of Roses Grown on One Bush.

San Francisco has an immense rose bush, which looks like an enormous bouquet. At the top on one side hang clusters of pure white roses. In the middle at the top are red roses, blooming in profusion. Pink roses hang in gay garlands at the top on the other side. All over the bush are branches of roses of other lines and colors. The delicate La France, the white Mme. Plantier, two varieties of Homer roses, the Pauline Lebeau, the Black Prince, the Castilian and the white Lamarque lend variety and attest by their prolific blooms to the virility of the stock upon which they were grafted, says the San Francisco Call:

The owner of this rose bouquet is H. L. Barker, who is connected with the state bureau of mining. Once there were 13 distinct varieties of roses on the bush, but the tea roses grafted on proved to be short lived, and only the hardier varieties have survived. There are enough now, eight, to make the bush a curiosity. Mr. Barker's explanation is that he likes to experiment with plants and this rosebush is about 15 years old. Branch after branch has been grafted on. The original stock is the June or cabbage rose. The width at the top is not less than 25 feet, and the height equals the width. There are many stocks or trunks springing from the roots. Carbon is plentifully supplied to intensify the color of the blossoms.

Conversational Slovenliness.

Conversation also is often marked by moral slovenliness. Not only is there that kind of talk stained with dirt which some men shamelessly exhibit, but there are the conversations in which there is a covert looseness, a doubleness of meaning, a hint of that which may not be said with manly straightforwardness, which has in it a certain laxity, as far as moral rectitude is concerned. There is that ready knowledge of everybody's misdeeds, as of their humbler relations, which people dispense, some with glittering mischief in their eyes, others with confiding demureness—"so dreadful, you know!"—only it happens that they do not know and are only retailing a lie which they have procured from some dealer in that infamous article, hinting away a man's or a woman's character and proving that they have none of their own.—Good Words.

Ribald Jesting.

"It all happened from a little joke I tried to get off," the bruised, battered and tattered hobo explained to the citizens who picked him up. "Jist fer fun, you know, I perposed to the gang that we organize a party fer the advocatin of the free coinage of soap. I never dreamp they'd take it serious."—Indianapolis Journal.

It is a safe rule to wet the wrists before drinking cold water if at all heated. The effect is immediate and grateful, and danger of fatal results is warded off.

Holland, though small in size, has 1,070,000 women, young and old.

HAMLET LEFT OUT.

THE PRODUCTION OF PLAYS WITHOUT THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTER.

Shakespeare's Play Was Never So Given, but Other Plays Have Been—John Brougham's Story of the Absence of Pocahontas and How the Play Was Put On.

It was Sir Walter Scott who furnished the base for the proverbial expression, "'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out." In the introduction to his "Talisman" he wrote about a "playbill which is said to have announced the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out." As in the case of most modern proverbs, the finished product differs in form from the raw material.

There is no record that "Hamlet" ever was acted with the character of the Prince of Denmark left out, though the play has been acted in almost every other way. In 1881, in London, the version of the first quarto, which was printed in 1603, was acted by amateurs. They followed the customs of the theater of Queen Bess' time, using no scenery or decorations, and the actors were garbed as Raleigh and his friends were. About the same time, too, Edwin Booth and his company arrived at Hartford minus their trunks and gave three acts of the play in their traveling costumes. Probably, however, the effect was not vastly different from Booth's ordinary production of the tragedy.

Then the Count Joannes and James Owen O'Conor acted the part of Hamlet with two readers, man and woman, to take the other parts; and Bellew—Kyrle Bellew's father—read the play at a desk in front of the proscenium, while the actors moved about the stage with appropriate gestures and opened and shut their mouths and said no words. But most nearly approaching to Scott's omitted Prince of Denmark must have been the performances where women played Hamlet; Charlotte Cushman, Miss Marriott (who made a famous prince), Adele Belgarde, Anna Dickinson, and a round dozen of others tried the part.

But if "Hamlet" has not been played without the prince, other plays have been on occasion.

In the last century there was a Hannah Brand, a schoolteacher. She thought she could write a play, and so worked on John Kemble until he produced during the season of 1791-2 her five act tragedy "Huniades," based on Hungarian history. Kemble played Huniades; Miss Brand played Agmunda, the heroine. The play failed; and then Hannah Brand left out Kemble's part and produced the rest of the play under the name "Agmunda." As before, she played the heroine, and as before she heard the play hissed and damned beyond redemption.

John Brougham, however, really played a play with one of the principal characters left out, though, as he says, "it was a frightfully dangerous experiment."

The play was his famous burlesque "Pocahontas," produced at Wallack's, then on Broadway, near Broome street, in 1856. Brougham played Powhatan, Charles Walcot, Captain Smith; Miss Hodson, Pocahontas; Peters, the Dutchman; and the play worked its way up in the public estimation. Let Brougham tell of his feat:

"One evening Mr. Lester Wallack came into the dressing room where Walcot and myself were preparing for the performance, with the announcement that Pocahontas was missing and could not be found anywhere in the city.

"What was to be done under the circumstances we couldn't conceive. All sorts of plans were projected, but none would work. At last, in desperation, I said to Walcott, 'Suppose we do it without Pocahontas!'

"'Agreed,' said Charley, who was always bright, quick and witty. 'We'll do it anyhow!'

"Mr. Wallack went on the stage and announced that, 'owing to the absence of Miss Hodson' (the truth was she had eloped with somebody), 'the play would be produced without her, Messrs. Walcot and Brougham having kindly consented to fill her part.'

"For a moment dead silence reigned, but directly the fun of the thing was taken in, and the people fairly screamed. We went on. First Charley would say, 'This is what Miss Pocahontas would remark if she were present,' and then he would talk to himself. 'Where is Pokey?' he would exclaim, to which I would reply: 'Lost among the icebergs of Broadway. But if she were here I know she would answer you in this way,' and then I would give her speech.

"At the end, when it became necessary to join their hands in matrimony, we didn't know exactly what to do, but, looking around the stage, I saw a broom, and, seizing it, I boldly advanced to the front, saying, as I handed it to Charley, 'Take her, my boy, and be happy.' It brought the house down, but it was a frightfully dangerous experiment."

The audience the next night wanted Pocahontas left out again, but Brougham wouldn't have it so. Hamlet may be left out once, on the spur of the moment, but not a second time, and never when the man who makes the ghost walk has time to put even a gravedigger in the prince's place. The history of the stage seems to prove that Scott's playbill was not actual, but, like his quotations from "Old Plays," merely produced for the occasion from his wonderful imagination.—New York Sun.

A Great Relief.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world.

Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tiger!—Boston Traveller.

Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines, so that they will hold the weight of the birds and monkeys that crowd them at night.

ORCHIDS GUARDED BY ODORS.

Plants Worth a Fortune That No Man Was Able to Approach.

There died about a year ago a famous orchid hunter named Fosterman. But before he died he told of a wonderful orchid which he said existed in Brazil, and which it had been the ambition of his life to secure.

Landing on the coast of Brazil, a few degrees south of the equator, he met a native chief, who told him of a "village of the demon flowers" to the westward. Further questioning convinced him that the "demon flowers" were orchids of the rarest and most wonderful kind, so he decided to find this village at any cost.

He had traveled through forests about six weeks and was calculating that in a fortnight more he would be in the neighborhood of the "village of the demon flowers," when, one afternoon, three of his forward guards threw up their arms, and, with a cry, fell senseless to the ground.

He had noticed a peculiar, sickening odor pervading the heavy, heated air, and quickly gave the order for the other men to advance with caution and drag back the three fallen ones from the spot where they lay.

They did so, and, returning, reported that they had seen through the forest a little farther on the vast "village of the demon flowers."

Accompanied only by his Portuguese interpreter, the orchid seeker started forward, their mouths and noses muffled as a safeguard against the awful odor. They managed to reach the spot where the three men had been stricken down, but could go no farther.

They could see, 100 yards ahead of them, a great mass of orchids. Trees, undergrowth and everything were loaded down with them. They were of hues more brilliant than he had ever seen or dreamed of seeing.

But, like a barrier, the wall of awful, sickening, overpowering odor rose between them.

The mass of brilliant orchids might have been a mirage painted on the clouds so far as reaching them was concerned. The "village" was perhaps an acre in extent, and the two made a complete circuit of it, but everywhere rose the awful odor.

The odor was simply the perfume of this vast mass of orchids. It is a curious fact that, though many orchids are almost scentless, the handsomest ones have a most unbearable smell.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SOME THIMBLES.

A Collection of Them, Past and Present, Would Be Interesting.

Even those people who like to joke at sentiment fail to laugh at the old gold thimbles of their grandmothers—the metal worn out in countless places and all stamped with the signs of use. Now silver thimbles are possible for almost every one, and as celluloid also is used for thimbles the brass ones, which caused so much suffering in the way of sore fingers, are rapidly passing out of existence.

In this day, when collections are the fad of the times, it would seem that a collection of thimbles would be most interesting. Fashions have changed very little, but the shapes are by no means identical, and what are known as tailors' thimbles and have no tops were at one time made of gold or silver and even studded with jewels. Tiny pearls on gold thimbles is a favorite fashion, albeit a very perishable one, for such small stones can never be set sufficiently deep to make them quite secure, besides pearls and turquoises become discolored very quickly when in constant use.

Ivory thimbles have not been in fashion for many generations, and those which are now shown as heirlooms are exceedingly clumsy and do not look as though they could have been very comfortable. There is one use to which thimbles have been put which is not generally known, and that is to make the ends of the fingers taper, and in the stern days of long ago many a young girl was forced to sleep with each finger securely fixed in a tightly fitting thimble of silver or gold. The remedy is said to have been efficacious.—Philadelphia Press.

Attar of Rose.

The rose, the queen of flowers, that has been said to preserve "all the fragrance of summer when summer is gone," yields its fragrant attar or otto to the villagers of Turkey and the peasant proprietors of Grasse, Cannes, Nice and the Valois in no niggardly quantity. Yet the true attar does not satisfy the needs of the toilet. Pure attar of roses is of extreme rarity, and is worth its weight in gold, the rose attar of commerce being largely adulterated with sandal, or with attar of rose geranium, which is largely grown for the purpose in France and Turkey. The characteristic rose scent is shared by Paeonia albiflora fragrans (an ally of the lovely rose scented china peonies of our gardens), the root of Rhodiola rosea (a species of sedum growing on damp rocks on the high mountains of Scotland, Ireland and in the north of England, and on sea cliffs), and by the rasped wood of the Brazilian tulip tree.—Chambers' Journal.

These Degenerate Days.

"I don't think the kids enjoy a circus these days as much as they did when you and I were boys," said the man with the bald spot.

"I know mine doesn't enjoy it as much as I did," said the man with the brindle whiskers. "I was taught in my early days that it was sinful."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lizards Like Music.

Lizards, it is well known, are attracted by the notes of music, and the negroes in the island of Madeira, when catching them for food, accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which invariably has the effect of drawing great numbers toward them.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.

I'm gittin old 'n feel lonesome et night,
  'N my eyes ain't any the strongest,
'N I'm allus thinkin the room ain't light,
  'N every new night seems the longest.

'N then I can't help thinkin o' her,
  'N all she done for me,
'N somehow the room'l kinda blur,
  'N tears won't let me see.

We'd lived together fer forty year,
  'N gin'ally agreed,
Though I'd git cross when livin was dear
  'N crops was mostly weed.

But now I know that we'd agree
  Because she wouldn't fight,
'N right er wrong give inter me
  Till I seemed allus right.

'N I was tight es bark to tree,
  A savin might en main;
Though she wa'n't dressed as she should be,
  I'd no thought o' her pain.

'N I knowed she wanted a poplin dress
  By a wishful look on her face
At the neighbor's clothes, whose means was less,
  But I'd jest turn my face.

But now these thoughts es come too late
  To bring us either cheer,
Er stay fer me the hand o' fate,
  Er make my end less drear.

Fer though I'm givin lib'ral now,
  It ain't no comfort when
I think o' Mandy en jest how
  She loved en suffered then.

I tell ye, boys, love ain't no thing
  To kinda fool away,
'N them that does 'll allus bring
  Up short alone some day.

Fer loveless folks is mostly cross
  'N cynic like 'n cold,
'N folks ain't both'rin 'bout the loss
  O' cranky folks thet's old.

S' when ye gits a wife thet's right,
  'T'won't hurt ye to be kind,
'N when she's gone ye'll sleep et night
  More easy in the mind.

—Detroit Free Press.

SELECTING A VOCATION.

Dr. Parkhurst's Wise Counsel to Young Men In Choosing a Career.

"The young man who says, 'I have given my heart to the Lord, and, therefore, I am going to study for the ministry,' misses the entire point," says Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "Selecting a Career," in Ladies' Home Journal. "There is no 'therefore' about it. That is a pettifogging way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a letter that I received recently from a young lawyer in Ohio: 'In my daily life about the criminal courts I have seen many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that point that I am almost decided to cast aside my bright future in law and enter the service of the Lord.' I answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he meant by 'the service of the Lord' was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man does that makes his service Christian; it is putting his career under contribution to the public weal, instead of mortgaging it to his own preferment, that makes his service Christian. There is a great lot of small thinking about these matters and well meaning imbecility that works damagingly all around. My correspondent furthermore wrote that he had 'learned to distrust the law.' All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'distrusting' it, but by jumping in and converting it. If all the consecration is put into the ministry and all the brains into the other professions, neither the pulpit nor the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on to the distinct Christian ground of putting himself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career best suited to himself and to the needs of humanity is simply a matter of studying adaptations, and deciding by what art, trade, business or profession he can subserve that weal the best."

The Early Packet Service.

The first institution of packet services across the two channels and the North sea probably dates back to very ancient times. In the days when England was a province of France, and during the later period when France was a province of England, the need of a channel for regular correspondence must have made itself irresistibly felt; and even after the loss of Calais the long presence of English troops and English agents in the Low Countries called for almost as constant means of communication with Holland.

The service probably made a great stride in the days of the protectorate; for Secretary Thurloe, who hung the secrets of all Europe at the protector's girdle, could do so only by means of uninterrupted correspondence with his agents abroad, and, being postmaster himself, could regulate the packets to suit his wishes. Still the system was not extended outside the narrow seas either during Cromwell's reign or that of his successor. The need for such extension became pressing only through the growth of our colonial possessions.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Moltke and His Poem.

One morning, at Versailles, in January, 1871, the letters from home were being looked through while Moltke was present. In one of them was a long poem in his honor, full of all imaginable eulogies, such phrases as "the sage orderer of battles," "the great silent man," etc., constantly occurring. He sat quiet while this great composition was being read out, and when it was over he smiled calmly to himself and remarked to us, "Well, you know, if we had not conquered, the poem would have begun with the words, 'Thou old fool.'"—Forum.

The Pisan era, commonly used in France during the twelfth century, was originated by a monk of Pisa. It antedated the Christian era by one year.

"What helped you over great obstacles of life?" they asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he answered.—E. S. O'Connor.

The first purchase of copper to be used in the United States coinage was in 1792, Sept. 11, six pounds.

A MUSICAL NUISANCE.

John Leech Was Literally Driven to Death by Organ Grinders.

Look at the case of John Leech, which may be taken as typical. When Leech got into his Dutch house at Kensington, he thought he had settled down to an existence of unalloyed happiness. But the house had one terrible defect, soon to be discovered. It stood where it was encircled by streets and mews infested by organ grinders. The nuisance was insufferable and yet incurable, and worse for Leech from his studio being at the top of the house, where the sound from five or six instruments was heard, all playing different tunes at the same time. When a timid messenger was sent out, some truculent offenders were unfindable—hidden deep in stable yards—and others were so far away for all but noise that it seemed unreasonable to require their removal. This horrible torment, which went on then, as it does now, from early morning till late at night, was practically the cause of Leech's death.

When Mr. Holman Hunt returned to town, after an absence for a time, he found him leaning upon a stick, like an invalid. There was the man of spirit and inflexibility, but he stood as if the foundations had been loosened. "Yes," he said, with grievous candor, "I am a doomed man. Nothing will save me except as an invalid, and I will tell you, in all sober and solemn earnestness, what has killed me. It would be laughed at as absurd by many, but it is the naked truth, which you will understand (although the men in parliament who talk so glibly about their delight at seeing the poor amused in back streets would not do so), it has been the incessant vexation of organ grinding and the need of doing my work while the wretched instruments of torture were, from different points, turning out their discordant notes into my brain." This declaration from his lips had, perhaps in its precise sense, been inspired by some recent annoyance of a special kind, but in its larger bearings it could not be doubted. Heavily burdened and sore, like the galled jade, Leech had been driven to death.—Nineteenth Century.

DOGGING PORCUPINES.

A Chase by Moonlight In South Africa. Something Like a Coon Hunt.

In the Adirondacks, in Maine or in Canada, wherever the American porcupine is found, it is not sought by hunters as a game beast, although hunters seldom fail to kill porcupines at every opportunity because of the damage they do to dogs. On the other hand, from Boover Vlei, near Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, Walter H. Gerard writes to the London Field to tell how he hunted the porcupine with dogs, after the fashion of coon hunters, by moonlight.

The party included a parson and a magistrate, a banker and a landowner. The dogs trailed a porcupine, came up with it, and bit it. The foolish dogs bit the quills, but the smart ones seized the nose. When the quills had been removed from the foolish dogs' noses, the hunt went on. The next head of game sighted was a huge pig, which was chased until it took to a burrow. Another porcupine was soon after sighted. This porcupine was a large female, and led the hunters a regular coon chase before she died. The hunters were then seven miles from home, and it was 1:30 a. m., and the branches were thick with dew that trickled down their necks and soaked them from shoe leather to head covering. But after awhile they got home and sat down to a mess of savory satieties of Malay concoctions.

The porcupine hunters didn't know American coons, but the coon hunter would enjoy a South African porcupine hunt by moonlight with a pack of ungainly mongrels, and the porcupine hunters would appreciate a harvest moon coon hunt.

The Happiest Place In Europe.

The happiest place in Europe is said to be Klingenberg-on-the-Main. It is the one prosperous spot, where everybody has work and an income, and where there are no taxes, either local or imperial, because the income of the municipality suffices for everything and leaves a bonus for distribution besides.

Happy Klingenberg! It is all due to a little wisdom and foresight on the part of its local administration many years ago. There are valuable beds of fire clay in the neighborhood, and these the municipality had the prudence not to sell to make the fortunes of other people, but retained for the benefit of the town. The profits pay all taxes, and the inhabitants get the surplus divided among them.

The ordinary method of unthrifty municipalities is to throw all their advantages away in water and gas supply, coalfields, public lands and many other etceteras, which are utilized by companies, and the taxes mount up to a dizzy aggregate eventually, all because nobody looked ahead with public spirit at the commencement of common enterprise.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Whoa!"

The word "whoa," used in calling on a horse to stop, is merely a variant and emphatic form of "ho," formerly used in the same sense. This is easily proved, for Chaucer has "ho" in the sense of "halt" ("Canterbury Tales"). When King Edward IV had to use this exclamation, he actually turned it into "whoo." "Then the kyng, perceyving the cruell assaille (onset), cast his staff, and, with high voice, cried whoo!" ("Excerpta Historica," page 211.) Which stopped the tournament, and no wonder.—Notes and Queries.

A Dangerous Text.

"Well, Uncle Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?"

"Pow'ful fine sermon, Marse John."

"Where did the preacher take his text?"

"From dat potion ob de Scripture whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fesions."—Washington Times.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Chimes of Normandy."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CATHOLICITY GROWS ABROAD BUT DECLINES IN IRELAND.

Poor old Cardinal Paul Cullen—a man with an Irish body and a Roman heart—used to say that God visited the Irish people with famine and exodus in order that they might be driven from their country "to spread the faith." Faith spreading, in itself, is a noble mission, but we cannot go as far as Cardinal Cullen did in singling out the Irish people as "a nation of martyrs," for the propagation of Catholicity. The faith would have been spread just as well—much better in fact—if many of its votaries had not been reduced, not through their own fault but England's, to penury before their arrival on these and other shores. Still Catholicity in America, in Great Britain and in the British colonies owes a vast deal to Irish emigration. In America, the German Catholics occasionally dispute our claim to numerical superiority, but, while we acknowledge that the German-American Catholic body is both numerous and influential, we cannot surrender to it the palm of superiority. The Irish race is the spinal column of the Catholic Church in these United States. There can be no question of that fact in Great Britain and her colonies. Lacking the Irish, the Catholic community in those countries would feel decidedly lonesome. When we hear of England "fast becoming a Catholic country," which, by the way, is not correct, we think how desolate the Catholic places of worship in that country would be were the Irish communicants withdrawn from them.

The Irish race has taken root in Australia with astonishing vigor, probably because it is an island race and Australia is an island, although somewhat overgrown. Recent Australian statistics give the following figures in regard to Catholic growth in that county:

"In 1800, no priest; a few Catholics. In 1820, two priests, three chapels, four schools, 2,000 Catholics. In 1890, five archbishops, one cardinal, eighteen bishops, 610 priests, 7,458 churches and chapels, 721 schools, and 711,260 Catholics. The Australian Catholics have a flourishing press, and, at least, two excellent monthly reviews."

These figures are very flattering as regards the rise and growth of Catholicity in Australia, but how about Ireland, with her "million a decade" gone and going still? The statistics of the Catholic Church in Ireland, since 1847, show a fearful decrease, fully 45 per cent, not counting the natural growth which governs in other countries. Chapels—that's what we used to call them "when we were boys"—that used to be "filled to the door," and out into the chapel yard, not more than thirty years ago are half empty now, and the priests preach to congregations persistently diminishing. The Irish cross roads, which, on Sundays and holidays, used to be filled with merry throngs of muscular young men and rosy-cheeked girls, are now almost deserted. The everlasting hills that saw the landing of the Milesians, the victories of O'Neill and the heroism of '98, look down today on a bare and bereaved country—a rock worn away by the ever dripping rain of hostile English laws. The superb Catholic yeomanry—the stately frieze clad masses, with the limbs of Olympian champions and the bounding suppleness of leopards, are "bossing" railroads in America or digging for gold in the Australian mines.

And there, lonely and small of hope, sits the old mother land in the abomination of desolation, for she cannot even weep above the graves of her exiled dead! Millions of her sons and daughters have died beyond the seas during the last half century, but her pious mother hands have not closed the glazing eyes of even one of these! The few that have been returned to her bosom—MacManus and O'Mahony—returned as dust, but dust from which may yet arise a generation that will rend the chain of ages. Mitchel, more blessed than they, died after a generation of exile on the soil of his birth.

It is a sad, sad contemplation, if glorious to the church itself, this wondrous growth of Catholicity in many lands, because it indicates the decay of Ireland and the Irish. The old island is nearly exhausted and can throw out but a few more swarms to enrich other countries. It will be an ominous day for the Catholic Church when the final collapse comes. Catholicity thrives, like the shamrock, in Irish soil, to which it seems indigenous. Here, and elsewhere out of Ireland, thousands fall away from the faith year by year, and we find men with unmistakably Milesian names preaching the doctrines of Knox and Wesley. Their fathers, or grandfathers, were, no doubt, accustomed to hear mass in the mountain chapels, or the churches of the Irish plains. Well, we can only say to God, with the poet:

"Our martyrs cry to Thee on high,
'Our patriot people spare!'"

THE GENERALS SHOULD TAKE THE FIELD.

We see it announced that Mr. McKinley is not going to speak anywhere outside of Canton, Ohio, during the campaign. This may be dignified, but we consider it unwise. The people will expect to see, and hear from, Mr. McKinley, who always appears to excellent advantage on the platform. Mr. Bryan is making hay while the sun shines. The people will get familiar with him, and the people like to see and hear the man they are going to vote for, or against. There is a superstition that self-advocates for the presidency are never successful. Mr. Blaine, however, did not lose the election of '84 by anything he himself said, but by something another person said. Burchard, however, is dead. There are issues in this campaign which seem to demand the presence of the head generals on the field of battle. Napoleon has been frequently referred to during this campaign. It will be remembered that his genius seemed to decline during the nearly three years of stagnation which followed the victory of Wagram. When the Russian campaign opened, the Emperor was out of practice and rusty in the wheels of his genius. It was the poorest campaign of his career until the day of Krasnoi, during the retreat from Moscow. The road was open for his own escape and that of his guard, but Davout and his devoted corps were in the rear and surrounded by the Russian hosts. Napoleon refused to desert them. He drew his sword and said, "I have played Emperor long enough. Now, I shall resume the role of general!" He marched to the rescue and Davout was saved, and, with him, the honor of France and Napoleon. From the day of Krasnoi to that of Arcis-sur-Aube, Napoleon was himself again, although once or twice, fatally for his crown, he allowed policy to override the plain principles of safe strategy. Had he been as much of a general during the Russian campaign as he was before and after it, down to the date of his first abdication at Fontainebleau, he would have died on the imperial throne of France. Let the moral be applied.

WE DON'T CLAIM EVERYBODY.

The following excerpt is from a recent article on "The Continental Irish," published in the Dublin Freeman:

"The most conspicuous among the soldiers of Irish descent who rose to high positions in the service of the first French Republic was Gen. Clarke, the Duke de Feltre, who was war minister in several administrations. In 1871 the bearer of the title visited this country as a member of the French deputation, delegated to express to Ireland France's gratitude for her sympathy during the great war that had just closed. The uncle of this distinguished soldier and diplomatist of the First Republic was Col. Shee, who is accused of having made the communication to Napoleon as to the whereabouts of the Duc D'Enghien, which led to the shameful murder of that unhappy prince. His grandson, Count D'Alton Shee, was a peer of France after the Restoration. Another Irish officer who obtained distinction after the Revolution was Gen. Isidore Lynch. He distinguished himself under Dumouriez at the battle of Valmy. His brother, as Mayor of Bordeaux, opened the gates of that city for Wellington, while advancing from Spain to Paris in 1814. Another great soldier of the Napoleonic period, Marshal Macdonald, was of Irish birth, and was born near Ardee in County Louth."

The statement in regard to the birthplace of Marshal Macdonald is incorrect. The accepted biographies of the marshal, which can be had in most libraries, and in all encyclopedias, say "Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald, Duke of Teranto, marshal and peer of France, was born on the 17th of November, 1765, at Sancerre, in the department of Cher. He was descended from a Scotch family which followed James II to France."

Ireland has had too many great sons of her own loins to have need to borrow from other countries. Macdonald was a Scotchman by origin, and a Frenchman by birth, beyond question. It is simply nonsense to claim people who do not belong to us as Irish, and only throws doubt on our claims to those who are really Irish by birth or descent. We are astonished that so well informed a paper as the Freeman should have fallen into such an error. Macdonald belonged, of course, to the Scotch, or Highland, branch of the parent Irish race, and a glorious warrior he was. Two of his exploits will forever embalm his memory in military annals—the terrible passage of the Splugen, a feat more difficult and dangerous by far than Napoleon's passage of the great St. Bernard, and his magnificent charge which pierced the Austrian centre at Wagram, July 6, 1809. This charge, which was made in the formation of a hollow, oblong square, several ranks deep, was executed at terrible cost, three-fourths of the French soldiers engaged in it being killed and wounded. After the battle Napoleon, who had been "at outs" with the general since the days of the Consulate, rode up to him and exclaimed, "Shake hands, Macdonald! No more enmity between us! You have earned your marshal's staff!" The hero grasped the hand extended by the emperor, and with tears dimming his eyes, replied, "Ah, sire! it is henceforth for life or death between us!" How nobly the marshal kept his word was illustrated when Napoleon, driven to bay and betrayed by Marmont, was forced to make his first abdication, in 1814, at Fontainebleau. Macdonald was one of the three marshals selected by the fallen conqueror to make terms with the allies at Paris. Having accomplished all he could for his chief, the marshal gave in his adhesion to the Bourbons and remained faithful to them after Bonaparte's return from Elba. They loaded him with honors, although he was a Liberalist in politics. Macdonald visited Scotland some years before his death, which occurred at his estate of Courcelles, near Guise, France, Sept. 24, 1840. Although not a great strategist, he was regarded as the equal of any of his colleagues in leading his soldiers to perform prodigies of valor.

OGDEN GROVE CELEBRATION.

Every Irish Nationalist in Chicago and its neighborhood should be present at Ogden's Grove today (Saturday, Aug. 15), to join in the proper celebration of the military glories of Ireland, and to spread the sunlight and spirit of true Irish patriotism. No feature of attraction will be lacking in the programme of this year, the twenty-first celebration of the kind held under the auspices of the United Irish Societies. A remarkable fact about the twenty previous celebrations is, that the weather has been invariably favorable. We hope for a continuation of the blessing, and, with a fine day to encourage the people, we anticipate a magnificent gathering at the grounds.

VENEZUELA AND ARBITRATION.

England, conscious that she was stirring up a hornets' nest by her Venezuelan attitude, has given notice of a backdown from her original arrogant position, and is now, to all appearance, willing to submit her case to arbitration. Much has been written about the belt of territory involved, the peace-at-any-price people of this country claiming that the strip of land in dispute is really not worth quarreling about. As much more is likely to be heard of this vexed question, we quote the following summary from our well-informed Canadian contemporary, the True Witness, of Montreal:

"In the year 1499 a fleet of Spanish vessels from the harbor of Cadiz, commanded by a brave Castilian named Alonzo de Ojeda, after cruising up and down the coast from the mouth of the Orinoco to the Isthmus of Panama, at last entered the estuary of Maracaybo. Amerigo Vespucci, who was aboard of one of the ships, was reminded by the pile-sustained villages of the natives of the familiar scenes of Venice with its captive waters, and the name of Little Venice (Venezuela) came to his lips. Ojeda was made governor of that stretch of coast and he called it Andalusia, but to the English-speaking world it is better known as the Spanish Main. For nearly a quarter of a millennium it acknowledged the sovereignty of Spain, and then there came the crisis already referred to, when, one by one, or sometimes several at once, the colonies of Spain cast off the yoke. Miranda, who had fought under Washington, raised the standard of revolt in 1806, and, though he failed, others took up the cause of freedom, and in 1811 a republic was declared. A struggle of ten years ended in the expulsion of the Spaniards. For some years Simon Bolivar, who shares with another great patriot the honorable title of Liberator, ruled a republic composed of Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador. Disintegration followed his death and Venezuela started on its career as an independent State. It has an area of some 600,000 square miles, one of the grandest river systems in the world, a coast line of some 2,000 miles, and resources of great variety and value. Venezuela has for neighbors the Guianas, British, Dutch and French, and between the republic and the British colony there is a dispute of long standing touching a region in which gold mining is carried on. The attention of civilization was somewhat abruptly called to this territory some six months ago by a message from President Cleveland to the Marquis of Salisbury of an arbitrary character."

We may be allowed to observe that were it not for the discovery of the gold mines in the disputed strip, England would never have thought of "rectifying the frontier." She is doing the same thing with ourselves, and for the same cause, in Southern Alaska. There is no end to her greed, and her cry for arbitration is the purest hypocrisy. She will "arbitrate" with nations she can neither whip nor bully, but small countries, unbacked by big relatives, will receive the same treatment from her as heretofore. Why, as has been asked by the New York Sun, does not England begin by arbitrating Ireland's well-proved financial claims against her treasury, dating back to the year 1801? That, of course, is a horse of another color.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

There is still, as of old, wisdom in the serpent. Gerald Balfour, brother of "Bloody" of that ilk, seems determined to force a new land bill on Ireland in some shape. The lords have sent it back once already, with many amendments, some of which the commons accepted, and then, on Wednesday night, repassed the bill and sent it back to the lords. In the course of the debate, Gerald Balfour, who occupies the post of Lord Lieutenant's secretary for Ireland, said: "The government was prepared to acquiesce in the new turbary clause, to Lord Inchiquin's new subscription clause, and to the amendment dealing with procedure sales. The other amendments would be accepted in principle, but on the question of pasture holdings the government would adhere to the £100 limit, and could not accept Lord MacNaughten's amendment omitting clause 5. The lords had altered the bill materially to the detriment of the tenants, but he hoped the lords would accept the measure in the shape the commons would return it to them. Otherwise it would be a calamity to Ireland, including the landlords themselves. There had been a great change for the better lately in the conditions of Ireland, where the intense bitterness was dying out, and they were going to seize the opportunity to reinforce the kindlier feeling prevailing, or they were going to justify those who were only too ready to inculcate the most pernicious lesson, that for Ireland, when tranquil, nothing would be done, but for Ireland clamorous and crime-ridden no concession would be denied. That was the issue now to be decided, and he most sincerely prayed that parliament might be wisely guided in arriving at a decision."

Mr. Balfour, at least, has the merit of being frank. His Scottish blood makes him shrewd, but he addresses himself in vain to the beefy intellects of the Tory Bulls. They will not lightly part with the plunder obtained by their ancestors by blood, fire and corruption. We notice among the kicking lords the [illegible] name of Inchiquin, nephew of the late William Smith O'Brien. It is strange how members of a family will differ on political questions. Nobody could have been more thoroughly Irish—nationally Irish—than Smith O'Brien and his daughter, Charlotte. His father, Sir Edward, and his grandfather, Sir Lucius O'Brien, were both excellent Irishmen—the blood of "Murrough the Burner," of Cromwell's day, skipped several generations to reappear in the Inchiquins of this generation. We regret to have to add that the younger branch of the O'Briens, residing at Cahirmoyle, County Limerick, have displayed anything but patriotic feeling during the long struggle of their country for liberty, following the death of their noble-hearted father, which occurred in June, 1864. This Inchiquin type of Irish landlord is a living, burning curse to Ireland. It is even a worse type than the Norman or the Saxon, because it is traitor to its native soil, and false to every tradition of Irish glory and independence.

THE IRISH AT BOSTON.

The Nation of San Francisco quotes liberally from "The Irish in Boston," a work published by James Bernard Cullen. In it Gen. John Stark is claimed to have been "the son of an Irish farmer of New Hampshire," and a Mr. Baganal is quoted as saying of the general, "He inherited a good fund of mother wit and a brogue as mellifluous as if he were born and raised on the banks of Inchigela in the County Cork." When a claim of this kind was made for Gen. Stark some years ago, the Chicago Tribune, which champions the Scotch-Irish occasionally, got mad, and said, in parliamentary language of course, that the statement was a—well a lie, for Stark was a Scotchman. Now, it makes very little difference whether he was or not, for a Scotchman is only a second-hand Irishman anyhow, seeing that Scotland was first peopled by the Irish, yet, for the benefit of the Tribune, we would like to have the matter settled. Who can statistically answer the following question, Was Gen. John Stark Irish or Scotch by descent?

The Nation, in summarizing from Mr. Cullen's book, proceeds to say:

"Sullivan, Morgan, Knox, Stark, Moylan, and their men were instant in well-doing during the entire eight months of the siege of Boston until Howe, with his troops and toadies were driven from the town. The evacuation occurred on St. Patrick's Day, 1776. Gen. John Sullivan was made officer of the day, and it is said that the countersign authorized by Washington's order was 'St. Partrick.'

"And now as to Irish names that took part in the memorable siege we find the following, and our authority is Mr. Cullen, and his authority is the Massachusetts archives. (Does that satisfy THE CHICAGO CITIZEN?) Henry Adams, enrolled as an Irishman, Patrick Brezland, Briant, Michael Bailey, O'Brien, Burke, McClary, Connor, Corbett, Conway, Condelly, Dwyer, Duskill, Dorin, Doyle, Eagen, Flynn, Gurney, Grant, Hughes, Hurly, Hogan, Hurley, Kelley, Casey, Kelly, Love, Moruson, McCarty, Murray, McKowen, Mitchell, Murphy, McDonald, McGee, Mahoney, McNeal, Maloney, Maguire, Mahone, McCormack, O'Connel, Magee, Neil, Noonan, O'Bryan, O'Brien (any number of them) O'Hara, Riley, Sheridan, Shehay, Scully, Shea, Sullivan, Teigh, Welsh, Walsh, Welch, Kennedy, Ryan, Riley."

The Irish World, a few years ago, published in full Gen. Washington's order of the day, March 17, 1776, in which the parole given was "Boston," and the countersign "St. Patrick." As to the list of names given, there can be no mistaking their Irish significance, and, of course, THE CITIZEN is thoroughly satisfied with the authorities given.

MR. BRYAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The significance of the great and cordial receptions tendered Mr. Bryan, Democratic-Populist candidate for the presidency of the United States, on his journey between Lincoln, Neb., and the city of New York, cannot be ignored by either the Republican press or the managers of Mr. McKinley's campaign. Whatever may be the change between this date and November, it is certain that today Bryan is a formidable candidate. His speech in response to the formal notification of his nomination by Gov. Stone, of Missouri, at Madison Square Garden, New York, Wednesday night, was an eloquent amplification of the speech delivered at the convention which nominated him. It was, evidently, carefully thought out, and presented the arguments of the candidate with a plausible perspicuity. Of course, many points in it are open to criticism, but so are many points in the speeches of all politicians. We notice that the Republican managers are devoting a great deal of time to stirring up what is called the "business element" of the great cities, and those who depend upon it for a living. This is all very well in its way, but most "plain people," as Candidate Bryan would put it, resent being placed outside the pale of "the business men." The "men of property" are, indeed, a large and important class in this country, but that other "large and important class, the men of no property," must not be forgotten. Republics do not live by the rich alone, any more than man lives by bread alone. Let us not have a class campaign on one side more than another. Every man, from the millionaire to the delver in the street, from the owner of [illegible] hundreds of thousands of acres to the hired man on the humblest of farms, has a vital interest in the preservation and prosperity of the people's government.

THE Pope has sent a present and his blessing to the Princess Maud, of Wales, who recently married a princeling. As his Holiness deigns to interfere in worldly matters, why does he not address a letter to his "good sister," we believe that is the term, Victoria, requesting the release of the Irish political prisoners, nearly all of whom are Catholics? He has just as much right to make such a request, as he has to bless Victoria's daughter.

OBITUARY.

MRS. WILLIAM M'CARTHY.

THE CITIZEN regrets to announce the death of Mrs. Cecilia G. McCarthy, the wife of Dr. William McCarthy, which occurred at the family residence, No. 448 West Congress street, on Sunday morning, the 9th inst. The deceased lady was distinguished by many virtues, and was a devoted communicant of the Catholic Church. Her death is deeply lamented by a wide circle of relatives, and their sorrow is shared by the large number of friends who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Mrs. McCarthy was a sister of Mrs. John S. Cooke, of this city. The funeral, which was very largely attended, occurred on Tuesday morning from the residence to St Jarlath's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

MRS. ANASTASIA M'MAHON.

The funeral of Mrs. Anastasia McMahon (nee Hurley) occurred on Monday last; interment was at Mt. Olivet. Mrs. McMahon was a sister of Mrs. Barnes, of Bridgeport, and Miss Lizzie Hurley, who, with her sorrowing husband, Denis Hurley, mourns her loss. Miss Maggie Russell, of Rockford, Mr. and Mrs. John Hurley and Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Belvidere, Ill., were among the mourners.

MR. OWEN COLLINS.

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Owen Collins, of 668 W. Twenty-second street, which occurred Thursday evening, Aug. 6. The deceased was apparently in good health up to the day before his death, going about performing his labors as usual. On Wednesday evening he came home suffering from what was presumably a touch of sunstroke. His condition was not considered serious at that time, but as he gradually grew worse a physician was called, and every effort made to save his life. It was all of no avail. He passed quietly away to his eternal reward on Thursday evening about 5 o'clock. The deceased young man was born in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, about thirty years ago, and came to America when 19 yeas of age. He first settled in Lafayette, Ind., where he engaged in the grocery business, in which he continued till 1892, when he removed to Chicago, and entered the employ of Armour & Co., remaining with that firm for about a year. He left to accept a position with the firm of Haughey & Golden, where he was a most trusted employe till the time of his death. Deceased was a member of Father Hamilton Council C. B. L., of Lafayette, Ind. He was also a charter member of Div. 25, A. O. H., and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him. The funeral took place on Saturday, Aug. 8, to St. Pius' church, where a solemn requiem mass was sung. The remains were interred in Calvary. May God rest his soul in peace.

DENOUNCE THE CONVENTION.

Strong Address Issued by the Officers of the Irish National Alliance Condemning the Proposed "Gathering of the Irish Race" to be Held in Dublin Next Month.

The following has been sent to THE CITIZEN for publication:

MEN OF THE IRISH RACE.—Your delegates from the United States, Canada, Australia, Africa, England, Scotland and Ireland assembled in convention in Chicago, last September, and made in your behalf this declaration: "The people of Ireland are a sovereign people. Liberty is the birthright of her people." We today, holding this declaration in view, deem it our solemn duty to address you. The men who, so far as they could do it, have made the sovereign people of Ireland a subject people, again dare to raise their heads. The men who endeavored to sell the birthright of the people of Ireland are again conspiring to drag it to the market. Do you propose to walk into the market-place, and allow yourselves and your posterity to be sold as slaves? The Rotunda in Dublin, filled with historic memories, is the place of auction. John Dillon, member of the British parliament, announces himself as the auctioneer.

Dillon brazenly calls the proposed sale of Ireland's right to be a nation, a "Convention of the Irish Race." It will not be a convention of the Irish race. It will be, to use an American term, a packed caucus of men on whose brows England has stamped the brand of servitude. There, no man will be in whose soul exists the thought of Ireland as a nation. No compromise can there be on the question of nationhood and liberty. A legislative assembly in Dublin would not and could not mean nationhood for Ireland. The measure of Home Rule, proposed by Gladstone, was really an insult to the intelligence and manhood of the Irish people. It had not about it even the shadow of legislative independence, and would have made Ireland a crippled province. This was the triumph of constitutional agitation, carried on for thirteen years at enormous cost. Further fruit was the denationalizing for a time of the great bulk of the people, and betrayals, which mark a sad page in Irish history.

The Irish Nationalist leaders of the country denounced the measure, and pointed out that Gladstone would betray those who pinned their faith in him. They had not mistaken this man. When Lord Roseberry succeeded him as leader of the Liberal party, they sounded again a note of warning, and proclaimed that Home Rule would be shelved. The Irish Nationalist leaders knew that the whigs could not be true to their history and be honest, and they had not learned yet to put their trust in the English enemy. That the leaders were right goes without challenge.

We, today, sound a warning note. We say the so-called convention of the Irish race is a fraud on the face of it. Dillon says, "the proposals for the convention were made so wide as to embrace all Irish Nationalists, who desire to give a fair trial to constitutional methods." Fair trial to constitutional methods! Are not seventeen years sufficient for a fair trial? During these years millions of dollars have been spent, and more of her children lost to Ireland than would have been slain in war. And for all we have nought but the proposal to give constitutional methods a fair trial! Such a proposition could be made only by a prince of knaves or a madman. The Irish people stood patiently by while they were being humbugged; they must do so no longer.

No! men of the Irish race; you are not fools; you cannot allow this humbug in perpetuity. You cannot sacrifice your country in this hour when the British empire is about to fall to pieces, and the nations of the world are closing in on your enemy. Canada is marching to independence, and Australia is getting ready to do so. Will you permit your country to perish as a British province? Will you not rather prepare yourselves for a gigantic struggle for independence and nationhood? The world is with you in the fight, if you act the part of men. Begging at the doors of Downing street, or waiting, cringing, and crouching at the feet of men like Balfour and Chamberlain will not win Ireland's independence. You, good men and true, must see to it that Ireland is not again chained to the corpse of constitutional agitation. There is no hope for Ireland within the scope of the British constitution. To revolution alone she must look for her redemption. God save Ireland.

WILLIAM LYMAN,
Pres. Irish National Alliance.
C. O'CONNOR MCLOUGHLIN,
Secretary.
P. V. FITZPATRICK,
Treasurer.

"I Have Been troubled for three years with pimples on my face and body, and I have tried several remedies with only temporary relief. I am now taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is doing me a wonderful amount of good."—Miss Mary Jabrosky, Burnham, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

A Correspondent Dwells Upon the Causes That Have Left Some Members of Our Race Open to Adverse Criticism.

Brief Historical Review of the Untoward Surroundings of the Irish People Under British Rule.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Many, far too many, of the Irish clergy joined in. Multitudes of the older Ireland took up the unnatural cry. Why? For the clery, they were blinded by English cunning, and allured by false hopes of English justice and fair play, just as the clergy of a century ago were duped by Pitt; for the people, the curse of the Penal Code was upon them yet. Had the Irish people remained faithful to Mr. Parnell, the Irish bishops and priests would never have gone the length they did in hounding him to his grave. Backed by the people, they had a clear field. Behold how faithfully English promises have been fulfilled. The policy of Pitt is living still. Ah, surely the baleful influence of the Penal day is far-reaching! And did Thomas Moore address himself to the Irish people of his own time alone when he wrote—

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy lanquid smile ne'er shall increase,
'Till like the rainbow's light
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace?"

If the Irish people possessed their own government, and were permitted to work out their own course uninterrupted for a generation, the world would be amazed at what they would accomplish. Restricted as Grattan's parliament was 100 years ago, it accomplished wonders during the first years of its brief existence. Ireland has no trade now, except the export of cattle and human beings. What opportunity has the educated young Irishman at home? He can go into England's civil service, we are told. That system is slowly, but surely, debauching Young Ireland, and making it West British. What can the great middle class do, with pasture land acreage increasing every year and tillage decreasing? England wants Ireland as a market for her goods, and a field for the military man-catcher when her hour of danger comes. Of course the people can emigrate—that will suit her just as well. And then when they go to America the wisebodies, the know-it-alls and the knownothings there, will look coldly at them, and with an air of wisdom that even Solomon, poor man, with all his tucks and frills never put on, will say: "Why, bless my heart, they can only become saloonkeepers, ward politicians and brawling shysters. They can never, you know, never, become really clever lawyers, or surgeons, or writers, and to prove this we refer you to our articles in the leading magazines." Well, this is going farther than the Penal Code went. It were idle to refer such people to Ireland's past glory—no, not her past glory—it is our glory yet—to the period—

"When the fire of the spoiler in Lombardy blazed,
And the Moslem shout in the desert was raised;
And high o'er the ruins of a fear-stricken world
The standard of Hell to the winds was unfurl'd,
Faith, bleeding retired to the land of the West,
And with Science, her handmaid, found shelter and rest."

We shall not go beyond the Penal period. The Penal laws are proof that the Irish people were so fond of all the professions that it was found necessary to pass laws to prevent them from practicing all of them with the single exception of medicine. Why was this exception allowed? Because then, as now, the skill and honesty of the Irish doctor were recognized, and as tyrants get sick as other common folks, and need the man of physic very frequently, the law, or rather "the tyrant who held the land and tower" very graciously permitted a Catholic Irishman to be a doctor.

With nations, as with individuals, the recovery from calamity is slow. The Penal Code was an awful calamity. We have seen what its design was; we have also partly seen the extent to which it succeeded. Emigration began with it, and we know how fearfully this feature of it is working Ireland's ruin even now. In the beginning of the exodus they fled to France and Spain, and even Austria, and the high hope cheered them that one day they would return and face the old enemy upon their native soil. From 1692 until 1745 400,000 Irish soldiers died in the service of France alone. From 1847 down to this present year, Ireland has lost by artificial famine and emigration more than 4,000,000 of souls. Think of it, 4,000,000 in less than fifty years. And English statesmen gravely tell the world that emigration is the sole cure for Ireland's ills. Wouldn't it be cruel mockery to tell a sick, exhausted man that the best cure for him would be to let out the little blood that is in him? Emigration will cure Ireland, when blood-letting will cure the sick man.

The critic looks at the emigrant Irishman with an unfriendly eye, and passes judgment upon him off-hand. He may even go the length of disdaining him. He has plenty of lip sympathy for the poor Cuban, but he halts when it comes to speaking against England, a tyrant a thousand times worse than the Spaniard. By what standard does the critic measure good citizenship? Is the practice of the professions the height of true greatness? Is the power of money-getting his Alpha and Omega? Does man's spiritual nature count for nothing? Are the Celt's lofty ideals only idle fancies? The flowers that perfume the desert air and beautify the lonely prairie, accomplish a higher office than the rose that languishes upon the bosom of my Lady Idle. Has the critic forgotten the lesson of the rejected stone? Has he taken into account what the child of the same emigrant will undoubtedly one day accomplish? And does he pause to consider what other people would be, himself included, if subjected to the unnatural treatment which has made the footprints of the Celt visible over the face of the earth?

T. J. F.

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

(United Ireland.)

There was an important debate in the house of commons on the Irish language last week. Mr. Farrell wanted to know what objections there were to include Irish among the subjects for teaching in elementary schools. There would be no difficulty in getting a staff of teachers. The English government had robbed Ireland of quite enough without robbing her of her language. Mr. Dillon said they did not desire to exclude the English tongue, but that they were determined to revive the ancient Irish language. This matter would be brought before the house again and again until proper recognition was given to Irish in the primary and secondary schools, and in the universities.

Mr. Maurice Healy said, in respect to Gaelic, he would compare the policy of the Irish educational department with that of the English department. In Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, Welsh and Highland Gaelic were taught in elementary schools. English was to be the predominant language in Ireland, and from the point of view of commerce, it was undesirable to bring Ireland back to Gaelic and make it a unilingual country. But, at any rate, the same thing should be done for Irish Gaelic as was done for Welsh and Highland Gaelic. There was in Ireland a large section of children speaking only Gaelic. The education department taught them as if they were English children, giving them English books they did not understand, and which might as well be Greek or Latin. They should first be taught to read Gaelic, and through the Gaelic they should learn English. From the educational point of view it was extremely important that their children should be treated as Scottish children were treated in the Highlands.

The hon. gentleman opposite (Mr. W. Johnston) took the extreme Philistine view, and thought all knowledge was to be estimated £ s. d., but he was sure the chief secretary, a highly intellectual man, would not share that opinion. It was a policy such as that of the honorable gentleman which tended to prevent any affection for England. Why, the finest workmen in the field of Gaelic had been Protestants, and men of English and Scotch descent who took a different view from the narrow, short-sighted and irritating view of the honorable member for South Belfast. He himself in this matter of Gaelic was a picker up of the crumbs of knowledge, and he regretted to see that far more work in this field had been done in Germany in the last forty years than in the whole of these Islands. He hoped that the chief secretary would read what the late Sir Patrick Keenan had said upon the subject of Gaelic.

Mr. Field, alluding to the question of encouragement being given to the Irish language, said there was a Welsh Eisteddfod and a gathering of a similar kind in Scotland, and he asked why they should not have the same care bestowed upon the language of the Irish people?

Mr. Balfour in reply said he was interested in the study of ancient languages. He had attempted to learn Gaelic but not with any satisfactory result, but he had no desire to prevent the study of what was once the National language of Ireland, a language which was of so much interest to the scholar and philologist, but he thought it was absolutely chimerical to anticipate that Irish would be restored so as to supplant English. The case of Wales and Scotland had been alluded to, but in Wales there was a strong patriotic feeling as to the Welsh language. In the Highlands of Scotland, on the contrary, he did not think there was any desire to perpetuate the knowledge and practice of the Gaelic language. Coming to the point, he could not see that it was desirable to artificially stimulate the study of the Irish language. If there was a National desire to do so he would not stand in the way of it, but he would not artificially encourage it. There were, it was true, districts in Ireland where the National language was the language of the people, and where that was the case it was probably true that the best way to teach the children was to teach them in the language which they naturally spoke. However, he had no power in the matter, but, no doubt, the attention would be drawn to the speeches delivered [illegible] evening. He certainly could not, and would not if he had the power, insist upon the commissioners encouraging the study of Gaelic, merely in order to spread and extend the use of a language which was only a dying tongue, and which had no literature or followers calculated to produce striking works at the present day.

I think the chief secretary, although a Scotchman, is wrong as regards the Scotch Highlands being anxious to give up Gaelic. Mr. Henderson, of Iverness, recently stated at the Gaelic League that the last census showed a considerable increase in the number of those speaking Gaelic in Scotland. The statement that Irish is a dying tongue proves simply that Mr. Balfour has not made himself even slightly acquainted with the breadth and depth of the movement which is at present in progress to restore Irish to its proper position as the National language. As to there being no literature in Irish, I will quote Dr. Hyde, who may be assumed to know as much about it as Mr. Balfour. Dr. Hyde, in a lecture before the National Literary society, said: "The literature produced in this flexible and voluminous speech (Irish) was enormous, but what with the ravages of the Danes and English, and the gradual impoverishment and destruction of the natives, only a small type of it remained, and yet, such as it was, it was more considerable than any manuscript literature in Europe. So considerable that a German scholar had estimated that what still existed of that written between the eleventh and seventeenth centuries would fill 1,000 octavo volumes."

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THE WOODS OF WISCONSIN.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

A feverish heat in the heart of the city,
A wan, haggard hue on the faces that pass;
The whip of necessity cracks without pity,
And Business, the slave-driver, urges the mass.
Poor atoms that drift on life's turbulent river
'Mid hearts that are hardening and feelings that freeze,
Oh, were we but once in
The woods of Wisconsin
How sweetly we'd rest 'neath the shade of the trees!

Not here the grand freedom that Nature is craving,
Not here the grand peace that is balm to the soul,
With grinding and grasping, with striving and saving,
With days grey and sordid and nights dark with dole;
But oh, for blue lakes amid tall forests glowing,
The fragrance of pines on the health-giving breeze—
Ay, were we but once in
The woods of Wisconsin
What joy would be ours 'neath the shade of the trees!

While hot demon breath sends the fetid dust whirling,
And fierce beats the sun on humanity's hives,
The slime of the city is seething and swirling
In lungs and in livers, in hearts and in lives.
Dear heart-healing balsam that floats in the forest,
Beloved woodland air, wafting solace and ease,
We wooed you when once in
The woods of Wisconsin
We dwelt in delight 'neath the stately old trees.

Thus ever we sigh with a passionate praying
To leave the dull [illegible] dappled sward,
Where murmuring pines in the summer wind swaying,
Sound like the sweet soothing voice of the Lord.
For there dwelleth purity, rapture and beauty,
The soul to invigor, the heart to appease—
'Twas thus we found once in
The woods of Wisconsin
A Fountain of Life 'neath the shade of the trees!

DEATH OF AN OLD FENIAN.

On Sunday morning there passed away at his home in Michael street, Belfast, after a lingering illness, Philip Harbison, fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. Some thirty years ago his name, and that of his brother William, were more familiar to the ears of the Belfast public, when these two, together with Francis Rea, stood their trial for alleged Fenianism in the local courthouse. William Harbison, the elder, at an early period of the Fenian excitement, fell under the surveillance of the police, and soon after the suspension of the habeas corpus act was arrested and thrown into prison on suspicion of participating in the councils of that organization. After undergoing incarceration for a considerable length of time in the county Antrim jail Harbison, along with some other alleged Fenian prisoners, was removed to Mountjoy prison, from which he was ultimately released on giving securities, by order of the Lord Lieutenant. Returning to his home from Mountjoy prison, William Harbison was allowed a very brief respite, for but a few months had elapsed when he was again arrested and thrown into prison a second time, never to escape from it alive. At the County Antrim assizes in the summer of 1867 he, with his brother Philip and Francis Rea, were put upon their trial, the principal evidence against them being that of the notorious informer Massey. Murray, the Belfast informer, was also present, and swore that they were members of the Fenian organization. The late John Rea, who was the professional adviser of the prisoners, so foiled the court in the attempt to push on the prosecution that they were compelled to consent to an adjournment of the case till the next assizes. Meantime nothing further was heard of how Harbison and his companions were faring in jail until the news spread on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1867, that William Harbison had been found dead in his cell the previous night. At the inquest it was specified that death had resulted from heart disease, but the investigation proved very unsatisfactory to the friends of the deceased owing to the manner in which it was carried out. These circumstances combined to bring together a vast assemblage of persons to assist at Harbison's obsequies on the Sunday morning.

The multitude that assembled on the occasion could not have numbered less than 12,000, while the crowd of onlookers amounted to many thousands more, literally blocking up the ends of the streets and the by-paths, making locomotion all but impossible. Philip Harbison, whose death we announce today, was at that time in the Crumlin road jail, but was not allowed out to attend his mother's remains to their last resting-place in the family graveyard at Ballinderry. He accompanied them to the gate of the prison, and there was forced to turn back. The rigor he endured at that time affected a naturally powerful constitution, so that for long afterwards he was in extremely delicate health. For the past six years the old man had been confined to his bed with paralysis. On Decoration Day, June 31, the members of the C. J. Kickham Literary Society sent a beautiful floral harp to the grave of William Harbison, but before being forwarded it was taken to the beside of Philip, who expressed great emotion at the respect shown to his brother's memory. The funeral took place from his residence, Michael street, Belfast, yesterday morning for interment in Ballinderry.—Weekly Independent, July 25.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

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It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to Thomas J. Casey, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

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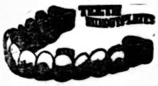

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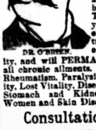

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PODGELEY'S RIDE.

I am, in a way, Podgeley's godfather in the gentle art of cycling. I gave him his first lesson, which lasted half an hour by the clock, but which lasted me a very much longer period, for during that half hour Podgeley and his bicycle lay about all over me very freely and took liberties with my epidermis which it needed weeks to repair. Podgeley was not hurt, of course. I got the knocks. When he fell off, or with, his machine, I was always on the spot to be lain down upon, you see, so that naturally Podgeley was all right.

For all that he did not learn to ride in that first half hour with me for teacher. He learned nothing then, unless it were a few new words which I may have taught him when he rammed me backward into a stone wall, with his front wheel between my knees and the handle of his machine in my watch pocket. I may have said something original when he did that. I don't know. I remember that I didn't like the position, and that I admired it still less when Podgeley shot forward, with his fingers all over my face and neck, and dragged me sideways down the wall in a sort of general chaos of spokes and treadles and handle bars and Podgeley and me.

That was the end of the first half hour's lesson, and I went to bed after it, and it was while I lay a-mending there that Podgeley went and had 14 shillings' worth of tuition at the Crystal palace. He had four lessons for this sum, but I would bet my last shilling that it required four different men to give Podgeley four lessons. No one man could survive the lot, and it is extremely improbable that any single individual would be well enough to teach Podgeley even twice within a week or two. And if he were well enough he certainly would not be foolish enough—not for 3s. 6d. at any rate. Podgeley ought to be taught from a gallery. That would be the way with Podgeley. The teacher could stand there in safety and shout out his instructions, only the supports to the gallery must be strongly made, for if they received anything like the punishment Podgeley and his machine gave me they would be shaken to their very foundations. That machine of his, you see, was a very demon when roused, and it seemed to rouse it to have Podgeley in the saddle. I am bound to say that any bicycle might fairly lose its temper with Podgeley "up." I don't blame the machine a bit. It must be a maddening thing to have a rider on one's back of Podgeley's stamp, and if I were a bicycle and he behaved on me as he did on that wretched machine I dare say I should go as mad as it does and dash my head against every obstacle I came across and buck, and rear, and skid, and play Old Nicholas generally in order to get rid of him.

It is very generous of me to speak like this of his bicycle, for, as a matter of fact, that machine hurt me very much, and at the time I was not at all inclined to make allowances for it and was disposed to regard its loss of temper and the general abandoned recklessness of its conduct as very unbecoming to a 17 guinea machine, even on deferred payment—for those were the terms upon which some confiding individuals sold it to Podgeley. If they had known a little more of my friend as a rider they would have reflected that there would not be the remotest chance of recovering any portion of the thing bigger than a penny piece after Podgeley should have ridden it for a week or two, and supposing that the payments had become overdue. Why, it is not even now more than six weeks since Podgeley bought that machine, and I am sure he does not know where any of it is at this moment. The fact is, it is dead and distributed long since, and that is partly why I am so generous in speaking of it. De mortuis, I have always thought, nil nisi bonum, which may be translated for my less learned readers, "Don't jump on dead dogs."

I think I ought to admit that there are compensations even for those who have suffered for trying to teach Podgeley.

On my bed of sickness, or rather of contusion and abrasion, I lay and reflected much, and the remembrance of Podgeley's little short, fat figure, cocked upon that bicycle, cheered and consoled me very greatly. His legs are very short ones and do not reach the treadles even when the saddle is dumped down as low as it will go. Thus Podgeley, in order to set the machine going, is obliged to kick at the treadles as they go round, for he cannot keep his feet upon them all the time. Sometimes Podgeley comes down fairly upon the treadle and sometimes he does not. When the latter happens, he gets tipped forward and nearly falls off. Well, the bicycle hates it, of course, and bucks and dashes often enough in a bee line for the first lamppost or curbstone it sees, anxious to pay out Podgeley for kicking at it.

Of course it is very awkward for the man who is holding Podgeley up on these occasions, for the bicycle does not think of any one's interests but its own and involves all concerned in ruin because of Podgeley. Still, it is rather funny. I don't know what the four teachers at the Crystal palace did, but I know that when I tried to teach Podgeley I found it safer to retain a hold of him all the while, because in that case one knew where one was—although, if one let him fall on the far side, one barked such and such a skin and bumped such and such bones against the framework, while the treadles play such and such Old Nicholas with one's epidermis whenever they happened to catch you. One knew, also, that if Podgeley was to be let down on the near side he would lie down on the top of you. You would try to leap out of the way, of course, so as to allow him to have the falling all to himself, but the treadle or the spokes would catch your foot and you would be ready for Podgeley all right when he came avalanching down on the top of you. But if you let go of the fellow in hopes that he would ride a yard or two away and then fall down like a gentleman without involving others in the ruin, one knew absolutely nothing of what would be the next thing to happen.

He never rode away and fell off quietly by himself like a gentleman—that is quite certain. On the contrary, he generally pursued you, as it were, open mouthed, shrieking to you to get out of the way, but giving you no opportunity to do so, because wherever you went he followed immediately and generally brought you to earth about ten yards away, either in the gutter or on the pavement or against the stone wall. When this happened one suffered, besides the physical pains inflicted by the machine, the odium of the rider who would, after helping to extract one from among the spokes and things, begin to explain to what lengths of idiocy and treachery those human beings went who, under the pretense of teaching a friend to ride, took pleasure in putting every possible obstacle in the way of his learning, in order to see him tumble about and then laugh at him. It was useless to urge that one's bleeding shins and racking bones ought to prove that what had happened had not been purposely brought about. Podgeley thought otherwise, and said ridiculous and ungentlemanly things. Podgeley is a gentleman all right on terra firma. It is only when he is perched upon the saddle of a bicycle that all his refinement and good feeling go by the board.

It was soon after his 14 shillings' worth of lessons at the palace that Podgeley came to me and suggested that I should squire him in a trial ride "down town." We live in the suburbs, and we have a High street of our own. There is a fried fish shop in it, and sometimes it is a very "high" street indeed. It was into this busy thoroughfare that Podgeley desired to burst in the pride of his newly acquired character of trained cyclist.

"Wait a bit, Podgeley," I said. "Are you sure you can ride?"

"Of course I can," said he.

"Who taught you?" I asked.

He said he had had four lessons at the Crystal palace. I inquired whether his four teachers were getting better.

"What do you mean?" said Podgeley. "What four teachers?"

"One man didn't teach you all four times, Podgeley, I'll bet," said I.

Podgeley declared that all men were not such clumsy idiots as myself. The same man had given him all four lessons.

"When's his funeral?" I asked.

Podgeley lit a cigarette.

"What about his widow?" I pursued.

This conversation was doing my shins a lot of good, and even my side and my head felt better too. Podgeley asked me not to try to be funny. I said it was no effort at all. Then he repeated his inquiry whether I would accompany him down town.

Then I spoke out.

"Podgeley," I said, "you will never get to the town, but, even if you did, it would be the last thing in the world that I should do to accompany you. Bring me a suit of steel armor and I will walk beside you. In ordinary clothes I will not come near you. As for riding with you, thank you very much, Podgeley. I will do it if you have two men with red flags, one before and one behind—not otherwise."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because of the pavements, Podgeley, and the lampposts, the perambulators, Podgeley, and all that in them is, the shop windows, the vans, the trams, the infuriated populace, the frightened steeds, the policemen, lynch law and your weeping relatives. I hate funerals too."

"Come part of the way with me," pleaded Podgeley somewhat cowed now. "I shall never learn if I don't make a start in public streets."

Well, I agreed to go part of the way with him on condition that if he got into trouble I should ride on and Podgeley was not to claim acquaintance with me, and to those terms he agreed.

We started. Our road is not a busy one. There are trees and garden gates, asphalt pavement and so on. It leads into High street at the bottom end. We live at the top. There was a butcher's cart coming up, and we waited until that had passed along. Then we mounted.

Podgeley was all right for about 30 yards. Then somebody with a clothes basket came out of the garden gate and walked down the pavement a score of paces in front of us. The sight of that person seemed for some reason to infuriate Podgeley's machine. He appeared to me to be quite a harmless looking individual, but Podgeley's bicycle thought otherwise, I suppose, for it went straight for the poor doomed fellow like an arrow from the bow.

Podgeley couldn't hold it. I shouted to him to lean over to the right and steer away from the pavement, but I might have saved my breath. Off went the bicycle straight for its quarry. Over the curbstone it leaped, full of fire and fury, and down the asphalt pavement it careered, silent, but certain as death.

I saw Podgeley madly grab at his bell in order to warn the victim of his tornadolike approach. It was too late. In an instant the bicycle was upon him with a rush and a crash, and the next Podgeley, clothes basket, harmless pedestrian and bicycle were merging in one heaving, surging, vituperating mass, in which I was very glad to have, for once, no hand.

It was the most unprovoked assault I have ever seen, and I rode away, as per agreement, rather than appear to have any connection with so unprincipled a character as Podgeley. I dismounted, however, at a distance and looked back. They were sorting themselves gradually, I found, and there had been no casualty, but there was a great deal of linen lying about the pavement and the clothes basket had the front wheel inside it. Also there were much talking and arguing, and I observed Podgeley hand the other a card and something that looked about the size of half a crown before they parted and his victim limped away down the street.

Podgeley watched him safely round the next corner before he picked up his bicycle to remount. Then he shouted to me and I returned.

"I don't think he's much hurt," said Podgeley, "but it cost me five bob and he's coming for more if it still pains him by tomorrow. What on earth made the blamed thing behave like that?"

I told Podgeley that he had lost his head and leaned over on the wrong side, but he didn't believe me of course. According to him the machine went one way because he tried to steer it the other and because it was possessed of the devil.

Then we met a horseman. I could not help reflecting what a very unfortunate young fellow that horseman must be to have met a Podgeley in the way, and, knowing what must happen, I rode rapidly on. The horse had already begun to dance around on its tiptoes when I passed it, and as I looked over my shoulder I perceived the inevitable already in process of coming about—that is, I saw Podgeley and his bicycle heading straight for the nervous steed and his pallid rider.

I never heard for certain whether there was any actual collision on this occasion, for Podgeley is ever modestly reticent about his achievements, but I know that a couple of minutes later there was a very great clattering of hoofs behind me, and as I escaped to the side of the road horse and rider hurtled past me at full gallop, evidently routed by Podgeley, who pursued them as far as my hind wheel, into which he ran, for want, I suppose, of anything better to run into. I don't know what became of the horseman, but I gather he must have gone round another way if he desired to reach the place he was originally making for.

When Podgeley had finished explaining how wrong it was of me to have got in his way, since he was only a beginner, he remounted and so did I. I hoped that he would now turn and ride back the way he had come, but Podgeley, unsatisfied with his triumphs, was resolved to ride into High street.

"What's the good, Podgeley?" I said. "You'll only ride in at the first shop window."

But Podgeley would have it his own way, and there was nothing for it but to go home and leave him to his fate or hurry along in front of him and watch his movements from a distance so great that no one would suspect me of being in any way connected with him. I decided to adopt the latter alternative, because, as I explained to Podgeley, it would be interesting in a mournful way to see which lamppost the infuriated crowd lynched him to. His people would like to know it and perhaps might find comfort in buying the lamppost and burying it with him or something of that sort. After this fulmination I rode on.

I was not quite right, nor yet quite wrong, in my prediction as to what would be Podgeley's first proceeding on reaching High street. I had said that he would ride in at the first shop window, but he just missed it and shot in at the second, which, luckily for him, was a greengrocer's and had no glass in it. I had turned when I observed that Podgeley really did intend to ride in at a window (he said afterward that he did not intend anything of the sort, but that my silly remark had made him nervous, and as soon as he saw the window he was obliged, malgre Podgeley, to go straight for it—of course it was really his demon machine that overheard and took the hint), and I was just in time to see Podgeley lying on his stomach among the vegetables, his waistcoat in a basket of brussels sprouts and his nose deeply imbedded in a dish of tomatoes, while his bicycle and two little girls lay together on the pavement below, and somebody with a parcel stood over them and rubbed his shin. I did not stop to take Podgeley out of the vegetables, but rode past, and when, five minutes later, I repassed the scene of the tragedy Podgeley was conversing in a heated manner with the greengrocer within, while a policeman led his steaming bicycle, which looked broken kneed and aged, up and down outside and the two little girls and the parcel man waited about to be paid.

Then I went home.

After this experience Podgeley elected to ride no more "down town" for the present. He headed the other way and tried daily to get into the country. But the change of tactics didn't do him any good. Podgeley could never learn to ride like an ordinary person or else his bicycle could never forgive him for his short legs and kick treadle style of riding, or, again, Podgeley is one of those men who are pursued by an evil destiny and never have any luck, how much soever they may court the favor of Dame Fortune.

For whenever Podgeley rode out he met an enemy in the way. Of course everything he met was an enemy to a rider like Podgeley, even innocent babies in perambulators—and was treated as such. Podgeley began to have a very bad name among the nursemaids of our suburb. He became as greatly feared and hated by them as that very Old Nicholas himself of whom mention has already been made, for as sure as ever he saw a perambulator he went for it. The nurses scrambled and hustled and flew, lightninglike, out of his way, but their efforts were generally futile, for the demon machine would not be denied. The babies in the perambulators soon got to know him and started crying as soon as he appeared in view. He is said to have killed hundreds, but this (to do him justice) he denies, and I think myself that report has exaggerated the true state of the case.

Of course Podgeley charged vans and carts and riders and things as well as perambulators. He was very impartial and treated all comers alike, and so matters went on for a week or more.—Fred Whishaw in Today.

WHAT HE COULD EAT.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN WITH A LARGE APPETITE.

Spug Jackson's Record Breaking Feats With Oysters and Dumplings—Offers to Eat Twelve Pound Turkeys or Hams on a Wager—He Could Also Drink.

"I've heard tell of eaters," said the smooth faced man with the glasses, "and I've seen some pretty good ones in my day, but there used to be a fellow down on the Bowery who could beat anything that ever came out of the west. You know, all these crackajacks who can eat a house and lot and wash them down with a can of vitriol are westerners, but my man was a real product of the Bowery, and he snowed under anything that was ever put up against him. I never knew his first name, but everybody called him Spug Jackson, and for all I know he may be alive yet.

"Spug was in his prime about ten years ago, and my meeting him was the result of a practical joke. Some friends of mine introduced me to him without letting me know of his specialty, and as we walked up the Bowery one night Spug cast longing eyes at an oyster stand. It was one of the stands that used to line the Bowery from Chatham square to Houston street. It had a full line of fried eels and soft crabs on it, with a great pile of oysters topped by a cake of ice at one side, the whole lighted up with a circus fakir's gasoline blaze.

"Well, as I said, Spug gave a longing glance at the stand, and I, being a new acquaintance, suggested that we have a few oysters.

"'No,' said Spug, 'no, I don't want to eat half a dozen oysters and then stop. When I eat oysters, I like to eat as many as I want.'

"'Well,' I said with much dignity, 'when I invite any one to have anything, I generally mean for him to satisfy himself.'

"The upshot of it was that we went up to the stand, where Spug paralyzed me by remarking:

"'Open me five dozen.'

"He ate the whole lot while I was getting away with a plateful and then asked the man how many more he had

"'Fifty,' said the man.

"'Open them,' said Spug, and one after another he gulped them down.

"During all this I had kept silent, but Spug's next remark settled me.

"'Got any more?' he asked, swallowing the last oyster.

"'Well,' said the oysterman, scratching his head, 'I've got two barrelfuls in the cellar.'

"'Bring them both up at once,' said Spug, 'and save yourself a trip.'

"I called a halt here, and after much arguing got Spug away from the stand.

"That was how I met Spug Jackson. I saw much of him afterward and was soon convinced that he could eat more than any two other men. I remember one time when one of those fellows who had been going around making money by eating 36 quail in 36 days offered to bet that he could do up Spug.

"'What's quail?' asked Jackson when I spoke to him about it and offered to back him.

"'Why, it's a small bird of about the size of a pigeon, but very rich and'—

"'That's enough,' said Spug. 'Bet him two to one and make it 12 pound turkeys.'

"At another time I got hold of a fellow who thought he could down Spug at miscellaneous eating, and I took him down to a saloon where I knew Jackson would be. Spug modestly offered to try his appetite against the other fellow's, but insisted on going at it then and there. So it was arranged that the men should eat the same things, one making a selection and then the other, first choice to be decided by the toss of a coin. Spug won the toss, and his opponent remarked carelessly:

"'Well, what shall we start on?'

"'Hams,' said Spug.

"'How many slices?' said the other.

"'Slices!' roared Spug. 'Who said anything about slices? Hams, I said—whole hams!'

"The other man retired on the spot.

"Nothing can give you an approximate idea of this man's appetite. It was simply beyond description. I never saw him give up yet, and he tackled 24 apple dumplings and a similar number of cups of coffee before my face one night. I've seen him go into a restaurant, too, and order beefsteak dinners for six. When they came, he'd tell the waiter that he guessed he wouldn't wait for his friends, but would start right in. Then he'd go through the whole pile.

"At drinking he was a marvel too. He could drink a whole keg of beer, and speaking of beer reminds me of a story they told of Spug years before I met him. It seems that he was working in a brewery at the time, and some people bet a friend of his that he couldn't drink a keg of beer. So the friend brought the doubtful ones around to the brewery and introduced them to Spug.

"'Spug,' he said, 'these gentlemen want to bet me $50 that you can't drink a keg of beer. Do you think you can do it?'

"'Wait a minute,' said Spug, and he left the room.

"Ten minutes passed, and he didn't come back. The ten minutes got to half an hour, and then Spug came in.

"'Bet him,' was all he said.

"The bet was made, and Spug drank the beer. When he had finished, his friend remarked:

"'Spug, why did you leave the room, and why did it take you so long to make up your mind?'

"'Well, I'll tell you,' said Jackson. 'I didn't want you to bet your money that I could drink a keg of beer and lose it. So I went out to see if I could first.'"

The man with the glasses wound up with this reminiscence of Spug Jackson.—New York Sun.

THE WEEPING WINDS.

Be still, ye winds that weep and sigh
  And flee o'er woodlands bleak and cold,
  As lovely Io fled of old,
Haunted by Jove's enamored eye!
What power is it that, day and night,
Pursues your mad, meandering flight?

Ye flee as portions of that force
  Revealed in sky and land and sea,
  That pantheistic deity
Which moves all things in ceaseless course,
And, as from out its secret home,
Your mystic voices, soullike, come.

Oh, sprites divine, ye have the ken
  To pierce the future, dark and deep,
  Wherefore by day and night ye weep
The foes that yet shall fall to men.
Oh! tell me, tell me, what ye see,
Whate'er it seem, whate'er it be!

Ye will not speak, but evermore
  Lament and sigh and madly flee!
  Weep on, weep on! Ah, woe is me!
I, too, would weep and outward pour
The soul of grief that in my breast
Impels me on to mad unrest!
—New York Home Journal.

A PICTURESQUE JAPANESE ISLAND.

An Ideal Place Where Death Has Never Come and Where Poesy Dwells.

Miyajima is an island midway in the inland sea, lying so far within the bend of the Aki shore that it cannot be seen from the route of the large ocean steamers that pass through those enchanted waters. To reach it most appropriately one must take one of the tiny coasting steamers from Osaka, and, touching at a dozen quaint little ports on the matchless voyage, at last see the mountainous green island, with temple roofs showing here and there through all the dense foliage of the heights, and, standing far out in the water, a heroic torii, fit gateway to that ideal place where death has never come, where religion and landscape loveliness, legend and poesy, still dwell, where the simple villagers, the gentle old Shinto priests and the tame deer, protected by the gods and loved by the people, maintain an atmosphere foreign to the busy new Japan of railroads, parliaments, imported military tactics and modern war vessels. Or one may take the railway from Kobe to Hiroshima and then a jinrikisha for 12 miles along its bay and be ferried across a narrow strait to this isle of the blest, which will impress the more with its Arcadian features when one comes to it from all the bugling, parade and din of mimic war that goes on in the shadow of Hiroshima's picturesque castle keep and at its port of Ujina, chief naval station of the empire, and, during that victory year of 1894, port of departure of transport ships to Korea and China. Then one can accept the legend that Miyajima grew from one of the congealed drops that fell from Izanami's jeweled spear, and that Itsukushima and her two sisters, daughters of the god of the sea, aptly chose it for their favors; that their temple rose from and floated in from the sea, and that the great water torii grew with the tides as naturally as any coral reef.

There is a small village at the foot of a green bank, but that is off by its commonplace, profane self, and the temple is embayed in an amphitheater of the hills, with a shore and water foreground all its own. On the shore line at the edge of the village a noble torii of Oshima granite, each pillar and crossbeam a single stone, marks the entrance to sacred ground, and this road, following the curve of the shore, is lined for a quarter of a mile to the temple with tall stone lanterns, the same alignment of votive lights continuing for half a mile along shore at the other side of the great shrine.

The water torii is the unique and great feature of Miyajima's shrine, and one grows very familiar with it from its representations by Japanese artists in every line. The colossus is formed of great beams, each hewed from the single trunk of a camphor tree and strengthened at the base by crossbeams joining low parallel columns, which give it balance and solidity and most impressive effect. These beams are covered below the water line with such a heavy growth of barnacles and marine plants that the torii seems very reasonably a part of the sea god's kingdom and creating. This skeleton gate in the sea is so delicate and fairylike in a first distant view that one is not prepared for its great size and the impressive sense of its proportions when one floats in between its great camphorwood piers, as massive and solid as masonry. Sculling through this notable gateway and across the water court of approach at high tide, one may visit every part of the temple and penetrate to the farthest labyrinth, passing beneath galleries and bridges and floating before the open fronts of the great shrines. The galleries connecting the different parts of the temple have, strung along their leaves, hundreds of quaint little bronze and iron lanterns, all votive offerings, as also are the pictures that hang in line above them and form a famous gallery of ancient art.—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore in Century.

The Cheapest Funeral.

Some millionaires during their lives appear to enjoy the luxury of preparing at great expense the splendid mausoleums they wish to occupy after death. M. Lalanne, a wealthy Parisian, went to the other extreme. He had a horror of anything like ostentatious funerals, and after bequeathing over 1,000,000 francs to various public institutions of his native town he directed that his body should be buried at the cheapest possible rate—in fact, like that of a pauper. A shabby one horse vehicle carried his remains to the fosse commune, or common grave, and the cost of the funeral was only 6 francs, or less than 5 shillings—that being the charge for the cheapest kind of funeral under the French system, where the undertaker's business is a state monopoly.—Chambers' Journal.

A Study In Anatomy.

"Mamma, what part of the body is the trombone?"

"No part of the body, my dear."

"Yes, it is, because it says in the paper here that last night, while returning from the symphony concert, Professor Gridel fell and broke his trombone."—Brooklyn Life.

Rivers Versus Sewers.

The sweet poet William Cowper is needed to sing the funeral dirge of English rivers. About 50 years since I had to pass a year in smoky Manchester. In 1800 the river Irwell, flowing through the town, had been a pure, pleasant stream where fish abounded, as some old men could well remember; when I was there, it was a foul ditch of inky hue and loathsome smell. The legal business which I had, in part, to attend to in Manchester was the way in which some of the mill owners used the water of the canal passing through the town, so that my thoughts were specially directed to river and canal pollutions.

Years have rolled on since then, factories have largely increased in number, more and more of England's beautiful rivers and country scenes have been fouled and blackened, but the worst feature of all has been that the factories have not only used the rivers for the legitimate purposes I referred to, but have made them the outlet of all their filth—streams of muddy refuse. More unhappily still, the thousands of cottages crowded in these large manufacturing towns have needed outlets, so sewer drains have been formed, the only outcast for which is the unfortunate river or stream of any kind flowing through or near the town. Year by year this evil increased, more rivers being doomed to put on the inky hue, until whole towns, with their 100,000 of inhabitants, thus caused the rivers to be polluted, and at length the noblest, grandest river of the world, because flowing through the greatest, wealthiest city of the world, yielded its once pure waters and tides to the yoke, and, oh, tell it not to the shades of departed artist painters, poets, historians or lovers of nature, became one vast cesspool for the 6,000,000 inhabitants who dwell near its course.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Color of Mary's Hair.

The exact tint of the Scottish queen's hair has been always a vexed subject of discussion. Some give it an unmitigated red—Michelet, for instance, who so far forgets himself and history as to call the poor lady a great red camel. Others, siding with chivalrous Sir Walter, boldly endow their martyred queen and mistress with rich dark brown tresses. It should not be forgotten, however, that red hair, even modest auburn, suffered a severe eclipse during the early years of our century, whereas, under the Valois no one with any pretensions to elegance could be seen wearing it black. In this particular at least Mary Stuart must have had the advantage of Queen Margot, who inherited her father's dark coloring and was reduced to dissemble nature's shortcomings by the perruquier's art.

We are told of three gigantic blond lackeys kept in her service and brought to the shears as regularly as sheep. Brantome, indeed, protests that his incomparable princess could carry with grace "even her natural black hair, twisted and plaited a l'Espagnol, as she sometimes wore it, in imitation of her sister, the queen of Spain." But no such need of insistence, one feels, when he comes to praise the curled golden tresses of the Scottish queen. "Alas," he cries, "what profanation was that at the dreadful moment of her death when the barbarous executioner snatched her bonnet and there lay revealed those same fair locks, now whitened, thin, and wintry, which her friends of France had so often seen to admire, curled and adorned as befitted thier beauty and the queen they graced."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Senator Tillman.

"Senator Tillman," says a correspondent of the Springfield Republican, "was at one time taught by Miss Annie Arthur, a sister of President Arthur, who was governess in the Tillman family when the senator was a boy. During President Arthur's administration this lady revisited the scenes of her early days in South Carolina and spent several weeks with the family of then Farmer Tillman at the old estate. This estate lies at about 13 miles' distance from Augusta, Ga. Here Senator Tillman was born 50 years ago and has lived ever since, excepting two years spent in Florida. His father was a slave and land owner, and the family lived in the lap of luxury before the war. After the war, however, the family, like the majority of others in the south, became 'land poor.' The great-great-grandfather of the senator came from near Strasburg, Germany, and so was German. The name was then spelled 'Tilghman.' There is furniture still in the family that came from Strasburg. The senator's great-grandmother was Irish. He has also Huguenot blood in his veins."

Counterfeit Meerschaum.

Meerschaum nowadays is counterfeited to admiration. A patent mixture for the purpose is made by dissolving a small quantity of silicate of soda in half the weight of pure casein, adding powdered burnt magnesia. With this is put some real meerschaum, powdered, and the whole must have the consistency of a thick cream. It may be molded in any shape, setting solid at once. Cedar cigar boxes are imitated with cheaper woods, which are stained with an extract of cedar shavings. The alder and the elm are used in this way. One hundred pounds of cedar shavings or sawdust will yield 25 ounces of oil of cedar, which is mixed with alcohol and applied as a paint to the boxes. It gives them an aroma which is advertised as even superior to that of the real article.—Philadelphia Press.

Chesterfieldian.

The head of a department was invited to dinner by his minister. Sitting between a door and window, the worthy man had several fits of sneezing. The minister, by way of showing his sympathy, stepped up to him and said, "You seem to have a cold, monsieur?" Our head clerk became confused, and stammered forth, "I have that honor, monsieur le ministre."—Paris Echo.

HIS PRESENCE OF MIND.

It Served Him Pretty Well, but It Might Have Done Better.

"It's a great thing, presence of mind, and I always regret that somehow I don't think of the right thing until the wrong time."

The speaker was a man whose mustache and hair showed the winter of life was near. His eye was piercing, not shifty, and his clothing and adornments betokened comfortable circumstances.

"I was guard on the Big Bend stage. I had been a gambler for 20 years. I knew all the tricks, and had played every game in all sorts of ways and with every kind of device.

"It was just such a night as this, the very gentlest of breezes, the moon so bright one could read by it and the road through the woods was as a white ribbon. We were bowling along quietly enough up a grade, when at a little turn we met two horsemen coming at a slashing gallop. They threw their horses back on their haunches, and we were held up.

"Passengers, driver and all were stood up in a row, and one of the bandits guarded us while his partner, Pete he called him, was soon at work on the box. I suspected the driver of connivance, for when we heard the horses he said it was a courier coming. He knew of the trip and so threw me off my guard. I was put in a line alongside the reinsman, and while I had both eyes on the guard and his partner not a move of that rascally driver escaped me.

"Of course we all had our minds in the air, and right here let me explain a little point. Did you ever see a poker hold out? It's an ingenious contrivance which fits beneath your clothing, with an arm extending down the sleeve of your coat on the inside, so regulated that by a pressure of the elbow the clip at the end is at the wrist to grip a card or out of sight up in the arms. It is a handy affair not to be caught with, too, for it is prima facie evidence, and hanging's too little for a man who's known to be ready to play with the contrivance about him. When I quit the game, I had a set of 'em. I took 'em from a fellow from the bay who came up to earn an honest dollar. I wouldn't sell 'em or give 'em away. Some one might think I used such things myself. So I just quietly worked a patent. I got a pair of single shot derringers, which would lie in the crook of my arm, and not rest hard, and I fastened 'em to either clip of them hold outs. Of course when my hands was up, the derringers lay snug against my forearm. I had practiced with 'em lots and knew just how to cramp my elbows, drop my arms a little and have the little barkers in my hands.

"I was gradually letting my hands down once—that is, I was testing the thing—when the guard called me up sharp, fearing something, and made me move away a mite from the line, where he could watch me particular and keep the passengers covered as well. He ordered everybody to keep still, too, for there was a little bit of sobbing by a woman in the party, and a sniveling drummer was bemoaning his fate. Pete was not doing good business with the box, though, for he was clubbing away with a hammer, but not making any headway at opening the little safe.

"Suddenly the opening came. The guard was getting impatient and cursing Pete, when with a smash the hinges broke. Pete gave an exclamation, and the guard turned his head—only for a second, though, but that was enough, for I had been watching him, and it was no great thing to take advantage of the chance.

"Like a flash my arms had dropped, and those little 38 caliber pops were in my hands. With my right I dropped the guard, the bullet going through his head. I shot the fellow at the box with my left hand. I never was as good a shot with my left as with my right, and in addition he was three times as far away. So, instead of hitting him in the head, as I tried, I only got him in the body. As he turned and drew his gun I cried to the people to drop, for I knew there would be some lively shooting. I didn't take time to reach for my own gun, but threw myself on the dead robber, catching this bullet as I went down.

"I had the gun of the dead one up in a moment, and was able to kill Pete before any of the passengers were hit. I have kicked myself a hundred times when I remember my absolute lack of self possession. It would have been just as easy for a man with presence of mind to have turned the trick with two shots, using the left on the close party, and saved the wound, but I couldn't think fast enough."—San Francisco Examiner.

Got It Printed.

A young woman in New York wrote a piece that she considered funny enough for the humorous weeklies. It was a brief skit of about 50 lines, but the hard hearted editors failed to see the humor in it and kept sending it back to her. Finally the young woman lost heart completely, when her brother took pity on her and said: "Here, give me that stuff. I will get it published or know the reason why." A week or two later the alleged humor appeared in a funny paper, and the young contributor enjoyed the delights of authorship. The contribution did not occupy a prominent place. It was among the advertisements, but she was too content to see her work in type to inquire further. The only thing that bothered her was the twinkle in her brother's eye, which she could not understand. He had paid full advertising rates to insert her story at 50 cents a line, single column, one insertion.—New York Correspondent.

A Long Felt Want.

Ambitious Musician—I have fame at last in my grasp.

"How so?"

"You know Mendelssohn's wedding march helped amazingly in making his fame."

"Well, what of it?"

"I am going to write a divorce march."—London Tit-Bits.

THE BLACK CASTLE.

A Stronghold and Palace Erected by King Herod In Judæa.

Eastward from the dull and almost waveless waters of the Dead sea there is a wild and gloomy land of mountainous heights and dark, precipitous ravines. On one of the highest points of rock, overlooking the surrounding country, Herod had constructed over the ruins of a former fort the stronghold and palace of Machærus, or "The Black Castle." A town had grown up near by, with heathen temples, a theater and places of trade and manufacture. The palace had been made so splendid that Herod preferred it as a residence, especially as it was close to the frontier of Judæa, and as from it he could readily go to any other part of his dominions unwatched and unimpeded. Here at least he could do whatever he pleased, and all prisoners were at his mercy.

It was by no means safe for a stranger to draw near to the frowning gates of the citadel of Machærus, but the disciples of John did come, again and again, only to be refused admission. For a long time therefore the baptizer was in comparative ignorance of what might be going on in the great world beyond the castle walls. Its kings might come or go, its kingdoms might rise or fall, its cities might prosper or perish, and no news of all could penetrate the solid stone that walled him in.

A deep, dark, rock hewn room was that dungeon under the citadel of Machærus. High up near the outer level was a cell with one small window and a heavy barred and grated door.

Its occupant was a gaunt, tall, uncouth man in a coarse tunic of camel's hair girded with a broad belt of leather. He had preached to multitudes, and he and his disciples had baptized vast numbers. He had actually brought about an important reformation in public morals; but, more than all, he had proclaimed himself one sent to declare the speedy coming of another "mightier than I," concerning whom the people who heard John obtained only a vague idea. But John's hearers were encouraged to expect the king who was to restore the throne and crown of David.

Whatever John had understood or expected, his work seemed ended, for there was no possible escape from Herod's dungeon.—W. O. Stoddard in St. Nicholas.

A HAWK THAT HERDS COWS.

An Educated Bird That Is a Wonder In Its Way.

Two miles north of the little town of Oxford, in Orange county, N. Y., James Cloyd owns a farm which borders on the road to Bloomington Grove. He is the owner of what is probably the most remarkable hawk in the world.

This hawk brings home a herd of 75 cows every evening and gathers in the stragglers and keeps the herd together even more effectually than Hiram Cloyd, the son of the farmer, used to do. Hiram had killed the parent hawk, which had been stealing chickens, and took this one from the nest. As it grew up he made a pet of it and took it with him every evening when he went out to bring the cows in.

One day Hiram cut his foot so that he could not walk. His father was absent, and when 5 o'clock came and went without Hiram putting in an appearance, Abe, the pet hawk, flew out of the barn and away. In half an hour or so Mrs. Cloyd heard a noise like cows moving together along the road, and on looking out of the window saw the whole herd coming along apparently alone. She ran out to the gate to find out what was the matter, and on nearing the fence to take down the bars she saw Abe perched on the horn of the last cow, surveying the scene with apparent satisfaction. When a cow lagged or loitered by the wayside, the hawk flew at it fiercely, making it quicken its movements to keep from being struck by its great wings. He then went back to his curious perch, from which he watched for stragglers.

After that day Abe always brought the cows in, starting punctually at 5 o'clock on his task, and generally rounding them up inside of half an hour. Since the story of the hawk's accomplishment has become known many people have visited the farm to see the performance. Numerous visitors have waited along either side of the road watching the herd and their novel keeper go by.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Shirt Waist Collars.

The scheme to have detachable collars with shirt waists is a very happy thought of somebody, and the quick popularity of this style of waist attests its general favor. One waist will easily retain its freshness to wear through two collars, now that the shirt waist is such only in name and does not necessarily mean a bodice with a shirt front. Some dressmakers also make up the stylish shepherd's plaid silk waists to be worn with linen collars—white linen, of course, being preferred—though a few plain batiste collars have been seen.—New York Times.

Dangerously Near.

Passenger (to train boy)—You probably did not know when you put this book in my lap that I was the author.

Train Boy—Did you write that book?

Passenger—I did.

Train Boy—Then you had better keep mighty quiet about it. I just sold a copy to the man back of you.—Harlem Life.

Unsatisfied.

Elsie (petulantly)—Mamma, I don't like these toys.

Mamma—Why, Elsie, you said just now you were pleased with them.

Elsie (pensively)—Sometimes I don't even like what pleases me.—Christian Advocate.

While wild geese are on the wing, they are talkative and noisy, but when they alight to feed, as they do generally at night, they are so quiet that one may pass within a few yards of 100 of them and never notice their presence.

Wedding Party In a Play.

A correspondent writes: "I was once witness to, I think, one of the most unique demonstrations that ever took place on the stage, and in it the veteran actor Howe was a leading personage. It was in the days of the famous old Haymarket company, and they were playing in Manchester. Its leading members were Buckstone, Chippendale and Howe. Kendal, who was a new actor, was trying to fill the vacancy which Farren's departure had made, and Mrs. Kendal, then Madge Robertson, was just coming to the front. The old Haymarket comedies were given with delicious freedom. On a particular Saturday night there was, however, something going on among the actors and actresses on the stage which the audience could not fathom.

"I think," continues the correspondent, "the play was 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Buckstone's delivery was thicker than usual. Chippendale was superb as the excitable father, and the twinkle in his eye was merrier and his hop more erratic than its wont. Howe was perfectly buoyant, and his pointed remarks mystified the mystery. Kendal and Miss Robertson played with delightful—almost gushing—affection as the lovers. The lessee of the theater, who was apparently in the secret with the friends around him, for a long time refused to tell them the cause of the exuberance on the stage, but as the denouement of the play came about he let out that Kendal and Madge Robertson that afternoon had been made man and wife in a Manchester church, and that on the fall of the curtain in reality the lovers in more than the sense of the comedy had been made one. The news spread through the theater like wildfire, and when Buckstone, Chippendale and Howe, each generously holding each other up, brought the newly wedded bashful couple to the front of the stage cheers went up such as are rarely heard in a theater. Howe was the last of that famous trio to survive."—Westminster Gazette.

Germans as Workmen.

Some years ago German bakers began to be employed in London for baking fancy bread. In course of time they blossomed into small employers, drove out all competitors by sweating their countrymen, until they have now monopolized the east end business and have nearly doubled in numbers within the last 20 years. Just the same with the butchers, furriers, tailors and hairdressers. Some of these trades are further swelled by the failures—the young fellows who cannot pass their staats-examen—and are shipped off to England to sink or swim, as our own failures are sent to Australia. A German publisher in London told me that one day he met five old university friends in Regent's park, and every one had become a baker. Hairdressing is another refuge for the destitute, waiting in restaurants a third.

The increase of Germans, therefore, does not represent any addition to the industrial life of the country in the shape of especial skill or new trades, as was the case with the French emigrants in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The only exceptions are a few men employed in the high class bakeries and those connected with the fur trade. In all other industries they are distinctly inferior workmen and only employed on the cheapest and commonest work. The French, the Italians and the Scandinavians excel in every industry pursued by them in this country, and in some departments they possess certain unique capacities, as cabinetmakers, for instance, goldsmiths and glassblowers. The Germans are signalized by a general incapacity for doing first rate work of any kind, with the exceptions mentioned.—National Review.

Hochspannungsakkumulatorenbatterie.

The Electrical World wrestles with the above German compound word in the following festive fashion:

"The above is another little German gem we notice in a contemporary. To solve it, it must be taken in installments; the real beginning is near the end, and the real end is the beginning, but this rule is not followed strictly, for, if it were, it might be more convenient to read it by means of a mirror. Begin near the end, then start again near the middle, and continue this oscillating process until all the letters and syllables have been interpreted, being careful to get the right combination. The interesting part of the solution is to find the correct separation between the individual words, which are not separated by hyphens, presumably to save trouble (in writing, not in reading). For instance, this word has nothing to do with the following, although they form parts of it: Ochs (German for ox), span, pan, sak, oren, (German for ears) renn (running), bat, batter or Erie, although these words taken together might suggest an interesting little story. The correct solution is as follows: A battery of accumulators whose voltage is high."

The Collar Button.

"The literature of the collar button is voluminous," said the middle aged man, "but it does not begin to equal in bulk that which was written about the simple shirt button of the days before the blessed collar button came into vogue. The jokes that were written about the woes of the bachelor who found his shirts without buttons or with buttons hanging only by a thread would fill barrels. In fact, the young man of today who frets over a missing collar button, which he can readily replace, should rather rejoice that he lives in this enlightened age when he doesn't have to sew his buttons on."—New York Sun.

The Point of Similarity.

"That poem of yours," remarked the flippant person, "reminds me of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'"

"But," said the aspiring writer, "you told me yesterday that you had never read the 'Faerie Queene.'"

"Yes. That's why your poem reminds me of it."—Washington Star.

Society Directory.

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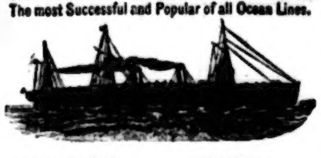

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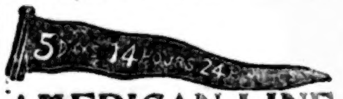

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